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AUGUST 10, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 6

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# A Letter from the Publisher

For all its social and historical significance, the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana was something else as well: an event of unparalleled visual splendor. To capture the pageantry and pomp of the occasion, TIME deployed a team of photographers in London. They came back with some of the stunning photographs in this week's report on "The Wedding of the Century." Julian Calder shot the wedding ceremony from the 100-ft.-high whispering gallery inside St. Paul's Cathedral. Across the plaza Terry Spencer crouched in a fourth-floor window and photographed the royal procession. Nearby, Dirck Halstead snapped the passing parade, then joined other photographers in a champagne toast for the bride and bridegroom. After taking pictures of the fireworks display in Hyde Park on the eve of the wedding, Neil Leifer grabbed three hours of sleep before moving into place outside Buckingham Palace at 5:30 a.m. Says he: "The combination of the handsome royal couple, glinting horse-drawn carriages and waving British flags was a photographer's dream."

ANTONIO SUAREZ

White, left, and Porterfield watching the wedding

For the TIME bureau in London, the wedding celebration was the climax of a story that had been building since Lady Diana first tripped into the limelight eleven months ago. Correspondent Mary Cronin observed the wedding party from the Victoria Memorial across from Buckingham Palace. Inside St. Paul's Cathedral, London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo sat directly behind the royal family, hidden from public view by columns. Says she: "It was an exhausting story, but now that it's over, we'll miss the continuing saga of the handsome Prince who found his beautiful Princess."

The story was checked by Heyden White and edited by Christopher Porterfield, a self-described Anglophile who ate kippered herring for breakfast at 5 a.m. before watching the nuptials on television. Associate Editor Paul Gray wrote the text for the color photographs accompanying the story. The main account was written by Jay Cocks, author of last week's cover story on the royal couple, as well as a cover profile of Lady Diana last April. Says Cocks: "The fact that such national jubilation could take place during a time of social turmoil is a moving tribute to the British national character—and a sign of how the monarchy still holds the country together." Indeed. To echo the most common of all summaries of the royal wedding, one must truly say: Jolly good show!

John a. Meyer

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# Letters

## Lady Justice

*To the Editors:*

Hallelujah! A campaign promise that was actually fulfilled—and brilliantly [July 20]. Sandra O'Connor's expertise, sharp intellect and experience qualify her for a seat on the Supreme Court regardless of her sex.

*Anita Moore*
*Florissant, Mo.*

Justice—at last? A woman member of the Supreme Court is not synonymous with justice.

*Robert L. Shaw*
*Washington, D.C.*

In Uruguay we also try to move forward in women's matters, but not with so much fanfare. Our government recently appointed the first woman judge to the Uruguayan Supreme Court and the first woman dean of our major university. The news media dutifully reported these events, but they did not steal the national headlines.

*Juan García*
*Montevideo*

Whether Sandra O'Connor is, or is not, an advocate of the ERA is a moot point. Her nomination to the Supreme Court verifies that the ERA is unnecessary.

*Chet S. Kaczka*
*Phoenix*

Only in the future can we know if Sandra O'Connor becomes an outstanding or mediocre Justice. But certainly others who prefer a different candidate should be able to express their preference without being savaged and ridiculed in the media or by a U.S. Senator.

*Patricia Kennedy Bergheiser*
*Bellmore, N.Y.*

In your article "Foot Soldiers of the Law" [July 20] you stated no woman has ever been elected president of a state bar. On June 20, 1981, the Rhode Island State Bar Association named Beverly Glenn Long as president. She is the fourth woman to hold such a position. In 1977-78, Carole Kamin Bellows was president of the Illinois State Bar. Alaska has had Donna Willard, while Karen L. Hunt is currently occupying the office.

*Nanci Martin*
*Warwick, R.I.*

As a feminist, I am pleased that Ronald Reagan nominated Sandra O'Connor for the Supreme Court. As a pessimist, I fear that he will continue to ignore other women's issues. He will reason that he has now "done something" and doesn't have to do anything more.

*Cathy Richardson*
*Mount Pleasant, S.C.*

The New Right will never be satisfied with any female appointed to the judiciary. Obviously a woman who respects "traditional family values" would not have gone to law school or sought a career outside the home.

*Sheila S. Walker*
*Leadville, Colo.*

### England's Nights of Rage

Those who are so quick to blame Prime Minister Thatcher and her tight-fisted monetary policies for England's urban riots [July 20] forget that America's riots in the '60s took place during the spending spree of Lyndon Baines Johnson, author of the Great Society.

*Franklyn Alexander*
*Evanston, Ill.*

With an uncaring right and an impotent left, where can the poor people of my onetime home town, Liverpool, go but to the streets to express their frustration and anger.

*Mitzi F. Sandiford*
*Vienna, Va.*

Your story on Britain's summer of discontent fails to mention a key triggering element. Britain's frustrated lower classes have had a bellyful of exposure to overweening privilege, particularly during this time of a spectacle wedding.

*Thomas J. Bush*
*Pasadena, Calif.*

As a lifelong Anglophile, I felt deeply the horrors of the English riots. Yet a certain part of me recalls clearly my 1977 visit, when New York's blackout and looting occurred. My English acquaintances all seemed shocked and proclaimed, "It can't happen here." Can they really have been so blind?

*Elizabeth Knajdl*
*New York City*

### Two Weeks with Pay

The main reason why American workers receive far less vacation time than Europeans [July 13] is that getting substantial money packages is first in the minds of the labor union bargaining units. Fringe benefits always run a poor second to wage increases.

*James Stenseth*
*Sioux Falls, S. Dak.*

Puny isn't the word for American vacations. It's slave labor. Recall that it wasn't until the '50s and '60s that two weeks' became the norm. I'm for a minimum of three weeks for everyone, and for vacation time determined by how long you've been in the work force, not just with one company.

*Joanne V. Zolomij*
*Evanston, Ill.*

### Nice-So Stories

Frank Trippett's Essay "There Must Be a Nicer Way" [July 20] is pertinent not only to our own time but also to the times when those classics that Trippett jokingly suggests doctoring were written. In the days when literary magazines published novels in installments, writers were frequently persuaded to provide endings acceptable to the reading public. Thus Thomas Hardy was pressured to compose a rather bland finale to *The Return of the Native* and Dostoyevsky to tack a suitably cathartic epilogue onto *Crime and Punishment*. Poor Flaubert. He was tried for immorality in *Madame Bovary*, his first novel, but was reprimanded and acquitted. The court presumably expected him to improve with age.

*Jane Hathaway*
*San Antonio*

I would like to congratulate Frank Trippett on his Essay. However, there are some major works of literature that he did not include.

In *A Tale of Two Cities*, why couldn't Mme. Defarge have knitted socks and scarves for the French soldiers? It would have been so much nicer if the Joad family in the *Grapes of Wrath*, after moving to California, had finally been able to find happiness and prosperity picking fruit.

*Richard Tax*
*Purdys, N.Y.*

### Sara's Choice

Your review of my daughter's book *In Shelly's Leg* [July 6] made me eat crow, but I enjoyed every bite of it. For years I have been preaching to her, "Sara, why don't you get off that higher education (five colleges) and writing kick? It's about time you married, had kids, lived in the suburbs and followed your old man's advice." As you can see, I was entirely wrong, as usual.

*James F. Vogan*
*Bradfordwoods, Pa.*

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POLLY HOLLIDAY


## American Scene

# In Kentucky: A Baseball Reunion

The hour was late and the motel parking lot was a jumble of cars, but they were out there anyway, a group of time-worn black men whipping a baseball around with sweet abandon, razzing and wisecracking and carrying on like kids. It had always been like this: the joy of the game transcending rock-hard diamonds and fading light.

Four decades ago, they worked their magic in the Negro Baseball Leagues, playing their own game while white men ruled the sport. Tonight they were back together again in Ashland, Ky. (pop. 29,000), for the third annual reunion of the Negro Leagues. It was the first time that some of them had seen one another since the old days, and they had a lot of catching up to do. The splendid second baseman Piper Davis fired a ball across the lot, popping it in a mitt loud enough to wake the entire motel. Davis, who managed Willie Mays when he played for the Birmingham Black Barons, had turned 64 this year and was obviously pleased with himself. "Boy, I still got it," he said with a grin. Across the way a gnarled old man with a bat on his shoulder stooped over an imaginary home plate while a pitcher grooved a hardball precious inches away. Near by, Chet Brewer, 74, pitching ace for the Kansas City Monarchs, was telling how Luis Tiant Sr., who pitched for the Cuban Stars with the same herky-jerky motion that his son made famous in the majors, once got a third strike without throwing a pitch. Fooled by Tiant's delivery, the batter took a mighty swing —only to discover that the crafty moundsman had thrown to first base in a pick-off attempt.

Black baseball had been around for years when the Negro Leagues were born in the early 1920s. Barnstorming the countryside in ramshackle buses, black teams played 60 or so league games each season, as well as 140 or more pickup affairs against any team, white or black, that promised to pay. They were second-class citizens with first-class talent, sleeping in ballparks when no lodging was available, eating on their buses when restaurants wouldn't seat them, playing two and even three games a day before driving all night to the next one. The end came shortly after Jackie Robinson ascended to the majors in 1947. Other black stars soon followed, taking their fans with them, and by 1950 the leading Negro League clubs were out of business.

PATRICK L. PFISTER

**Satchel Paige, right, and Cool Papa Bell, background, getting some long-overdue attention**

The idea for a reunion was born three years ago when the town of Greenup, Ky., a few miles down the Ohio River, discovered that one of its native sons, Clinton Thomas, was known as "the Black Joe DiMaggio" when he played for the New York Black Yankees in the '30s. Greenup feted Thomas with an 80th birthday party and invited a group of old-timers from the black leagues. Twelve of them came, and before the party was over, they vowed to do it again the next year. With help from organizers in Ashland, the event doubled in size the second time around, and this year, thanks to a $25,000 grant from the Schlitz Brewing Co., 52 veterans turned up.

At the keynote banquet at the Elks Lodge on the edge of town, 550 or so baseball fans paid $12 apiece for baked steak, iced tea and a generous portion of vanishing American history. The special ho-

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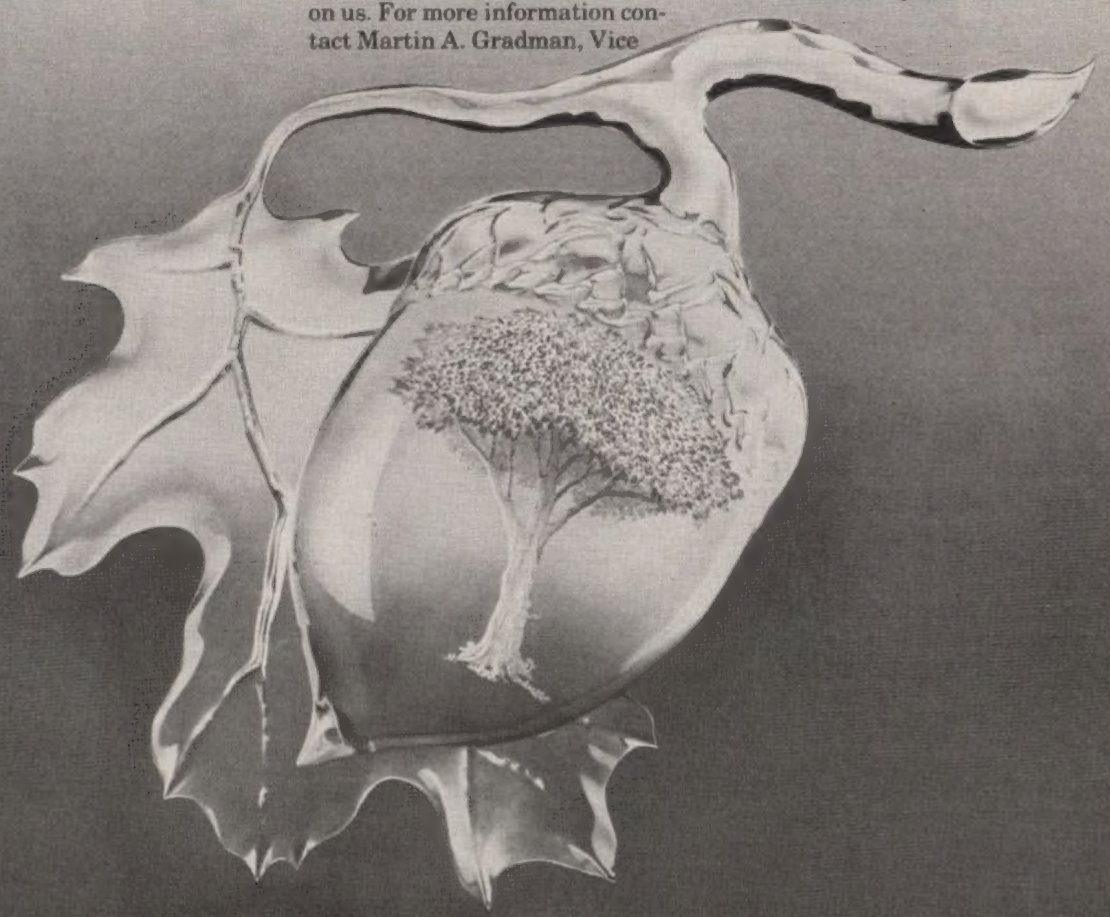

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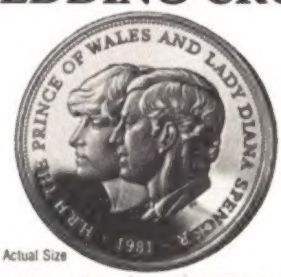


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## American Scene

norees were James ("Cool Papa") Bell, 78, the fleet-footed outfielder for the St. Louis Stars, and Satchel Paige, the legendary pitcher. Paige suffers from emphysema and had plastic tubes in his nose to supplement his oxygen supply. But it was soon apparent that his eggshell ego and whipsaw wit were very much intact, especially on the subject of the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. He is a member of this pantheon, but he is nonetheless outraged at the way it has treated black players over the years.

"When I told them in Cooperstown that we had men who didn't have to go to their farm clubs to play in the majors, they told me to sit down. That's the reason I don't go back to Cooperstown." Nor does Paige have kind words for Cleveland, even though his longtime dream of playing in the majors began there the year after Jackie Robinson was called up by the Brooklyn Dodgers. A rookie pitcher at 42, Paige turned in a 6-1 season and helped the Indians to their first pennant in 28 years. "I hadn't started a game in 15 years," he recalled, "and when I did, I won six out of seven. And they pitched everybody in the World Series but me.* I ain't been back to Cleveland either."

What rankles after all this time is what might have occurred had he been allowed to play the major leagues in his prime. All the awards and testimonials in the world cannot make up for what he lost, both athletically and economically. "I've got trophies all over my house," Paige mused. "Anybody ever try to bite one of them things? I tried and I had to go back to the dentist."

Time has tempered the bitterness for most of the graying, dignified men who came to Ashland. "A lot of things happened, and you've got to try to get it out of your mind," said Judy Johnson, a Hall of Fame third baseman for the Pittsburgh Crawfords and other teams. Johnson, looking more like 60 than his actual age of 80, was holding an impromptu batting clinic in the parking lot outside the building that may one day house a fancy new Negro Baseball Hall of History. A group in Ashland is currently raising $3 million for that purpose, and no one is more pleased about it than Buck Leonard, a hard-hitting Hall of Famer who owns a real estate business in Rocky Mount, N.C. "We were kind of hoping something like this might happen, but we never had any idea it would," said Leonard. "It's like a Christmas present in the middle of summer," added Joe Black, a Greyhound Corp. vice president who played with the Baltimore Elite Giants before signing with the Dodgers.

The stories the old players told transported listeners to a time when baseball was played between the lines, not in the offices of lawyers and agents. Willie Mays,

*Paige actually made a token appearance in the 1948 Series, pitching two-thirds of an inning.

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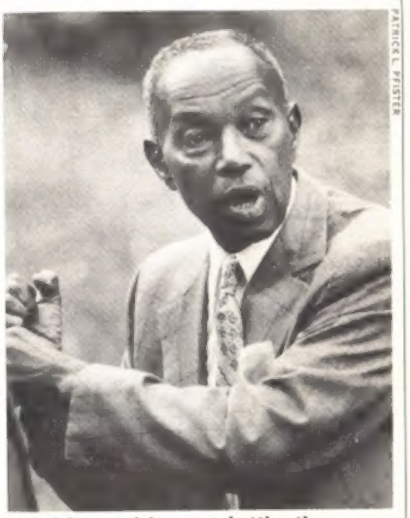
## American Scene

now 50, was a 15-year-old centerfielder for the Birmingham Black Barons when he had his first and only confrontation with Paige: "I hit a double off him and he went to the first baseman and says, 'Who is that young fellow?' Then Satch says, and I heard this, 'Let me know when he comes back up.' I come to the plate next time and the first baseman says, 'There he is.' Being 15, I'm not sure what's going on ... All I can tell you is that I didn't come close to hitting anything."

Bell explained for the first time why Paige always said that Cool Papa could turn out the lights and be in bed before the room got dark. "We stayed in old hotels and one night Satchel and I were rooming together and I got back to the room before him. Well this light switch on the wall must have had a short in it because I went over and flipped it and got



PATRICIA L. PFISTER

**Judy Johnson giving some batting tips**

in bed, and after I got in bed the lights went out. I said, 'Oh, I'm gonna tell Satchel something now.' Satchel comes in and I said, 'Satchel, you know that I can turn this switch out and get in bed before the light goes out.' Satchel says, 'You can't do nothing like that.' So I wait till he gets undressed and in bed and I said, 'Watch this.' I flipped the lights, dropped down in the bed and the lights went out. So Satchel was telling the truth all the time and he didn't know it."

During the shameful era of segregated baseball, the biggest loser was the game itself, which was deprived of these great players. That much was clear as they talked into the night, savoring past glories. "We had wonderful times out there, we most certainly did," said Buck O'Neil, first baseman for the Kansas City Monarchs. "Don't feel sorry for nobody you see here. They could play the game as well as anyone who ever played. I don't care how far they go today. However high George Brett goes, or however far Reggie Jackson hits the ball, these fellows have all been there." —*By Peter Ainslie*

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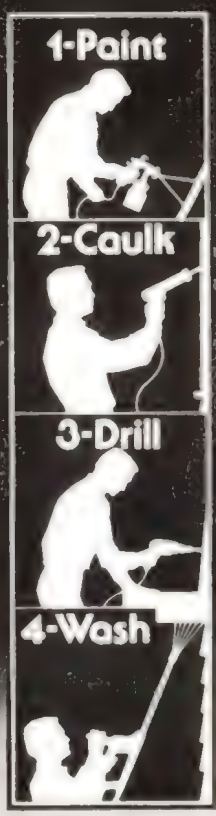


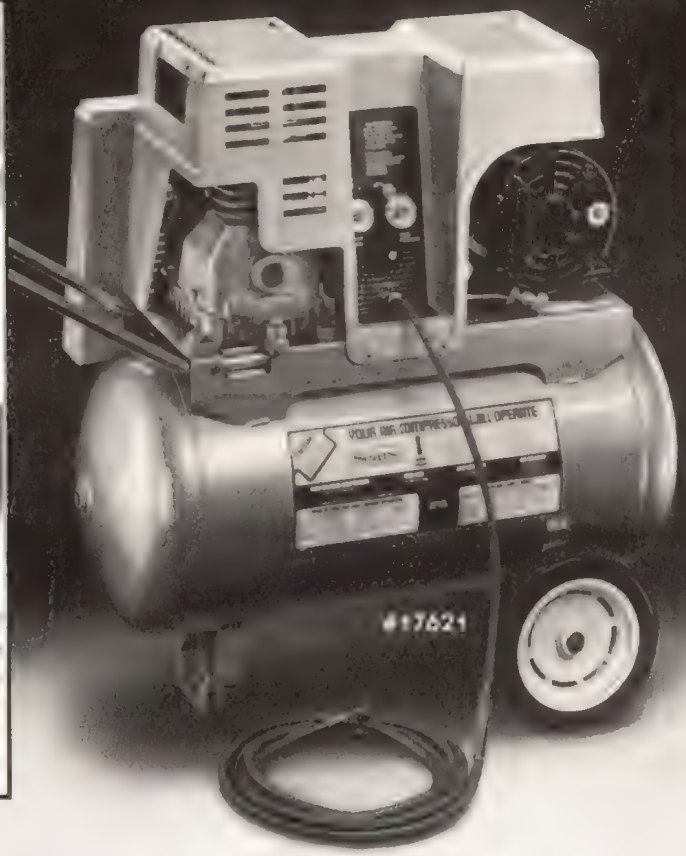


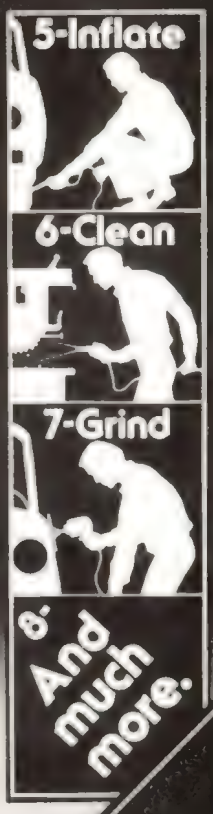


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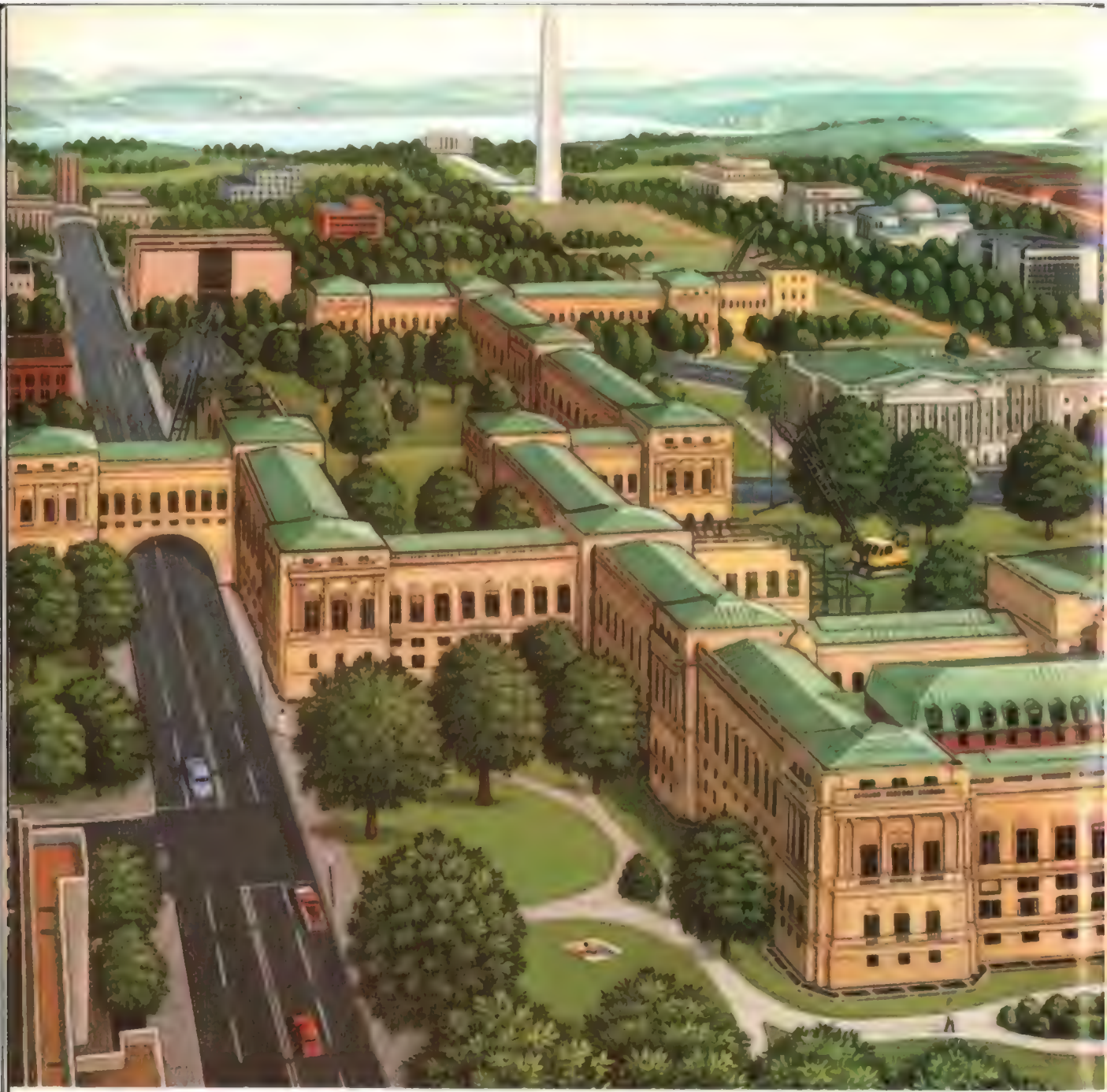

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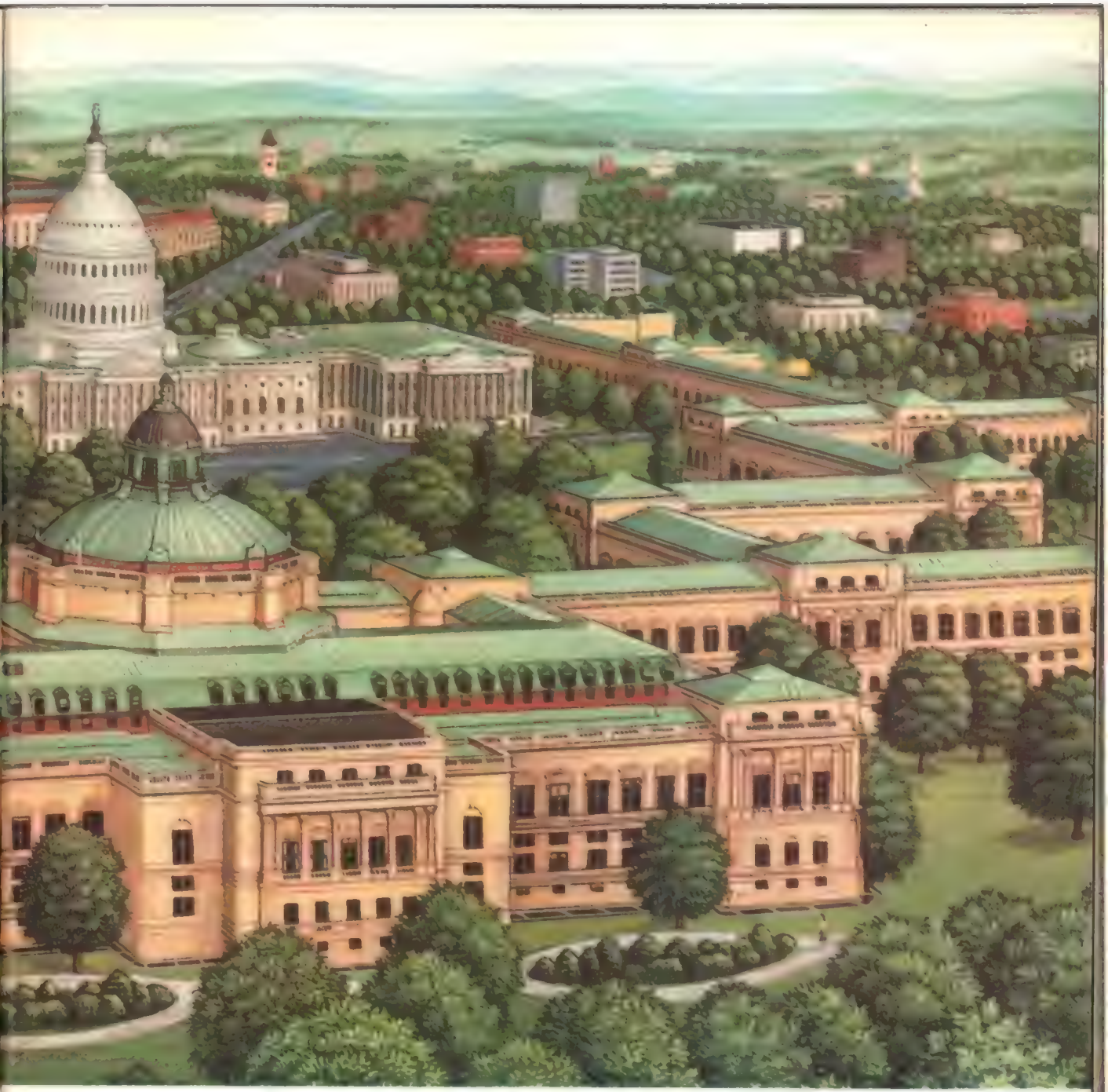

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TIME AUGUST 10, 1981

# Yeas 238–Nays 195

*Reagan caps his revolution with the country's largest tax cut*

Champagne corks were popping merrily in the Oval Office late Wednesday afternoon when the call came from the vanquished to the victor. "Well, Mr. President, you're tough," said Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. "You beat us." Indeed he had, and with surprising ease. In the final legislative battle over Ronald Reagan's economic program, 48 House Democrats had deserted their party to help the President win a 238-to-195 victory on a vote for a bill that provides the largest tax cut in U.S. history. The same day the Republican-controlled Senate endorsed a similar measure, 89 to 11. House and Senate conferees then stayed up all night smoothing out differences between the two versions, and the President could sign the final bill this week. Reagan will also get to put his signature on the other key part of his economic program: a budget that will slash nearly $140 billion in funding for federal programs over the next three years

The artist who crafted last week's tax-bill victory holds up a doodled self-portrait

"We have made a new beginning," exulted the President. If not a revolution. Not since the first six months of Franklin Roosevelt's Administration has a new President done so much of such magnitude so quickly to change the economic direction of the nation. Reagan not only won 90% of his economic program, but did so with a display of political organization and savvy that left his opponents reeling in disarray. For a President supposedly untutored in the ways of Washington and suspected by some of lacking the acumen and the energy that the Oval Office demands, Reagan has proved to be astonishingly sure-footed and dynamic. As House Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas told him in a congratulatory phone call: "We can see you're ready for the big time."

Reagan transformed an election victory that was largely a repudiation of his opponent into a mandate to revitalize the economy and reverse the trend toward ever greater reliance on federal handouts. He adroitly utilized the wave of sympathy that followed the assassination attempt to build up support for his budget proposals. Having won that confrontation, he built upon it for the showdown over taxes.

For all the potential ramifications of the tax bill, last week's battle was essentially a struggle for power between the White House and the leadership of the House, and politics more than principle was involved. In negotiations last June to produce a bipartisan bill, the Democrats had agreed to accept many of the basics of Reagan's plan, including a massive, multiyear tax cut and accelerated depreciation for businesses. "We have won the tax debate," said White House Chief of Staff James Baker after hearing of the concessions made by Rostenkowski's committee. Nonetheless, the Administration decided to hang tough for everything it wanted. Said one top Reagan adviser: "All the Democrats achieved by compromising was to undercut their own arguments against our position."

The Administration thereupon proposed what they called a "bipartisan" alternative to the Rostenkowski bill, sponsored by Republican Barber Conable of New York and Democrat Kent Hance of Texas. A bidding war ensued as each side turned its version of the bill into a "Christmas tree"—adorned with concessions designed to attract special interests. Complained House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "In

this bidding contest, no commodity straddle was too generous, no oil depletion allowance too high, and, yes, almost no feature of the Democratic proposal was so ill-conceived that it could not be added to the Republican substitute."

In the end, the differences between the two bills turned out to be relatively minor. The Democratic version was tilted more toward tax relief for individuals earning less than $50,000 a year. The Republican bill provided for three years of tax cuts totaling 25%; the Democratic version would permit a third-year cut only if certain economic conditions were fulfilled by the end of 1983. The Democratic version also did not provide for indexation, which pegs tax brackets to an inflation index so that rates do not creep upward. The Administration was initially opposed to indexation, partly because Reagan had planned to introduce this provision as part of a separate tax bill next year, and partly because the idea was anathema to some Southern Democrats who feared that too large a tax cut could lead to unmanageable deficits.

One White House aide conceded that the Administration would have no ideological problems in endorsing the Democratic plan. Reagan nonetheless decided on a full-court press for a political triumph. Chief of Staff Baker masterminded the pressure campaign along with Ken Duberstein, the Administration's chief lobbyist in the House. As his Administration's most effective salesman, Reagan did much of that telephoning and personal cajoling himself. After a hard day of wheeling and dealing with wavering Democrats at a Camp David picnic, a jovial but weary Reagan joked to his aides: "After we get through with this, I never want to have to ask a Congressman for anything ever again—except maybe to impeach me." Following the tally, Political Aide Lyn Nofziger took the opportunity to counter charges that Reagan keeps bankers' hours: "Not bad for a lazy President."

The keystone of the campaign was Reagan's 22-min. nationally televised speech. In one characteristic touch, Reagan urged people to emulate the farmer who, during a discussion of the economic program, told his Congressman, "Don't give me an essay. Are you for him or against him?" The President also used two simple—some might say simplistic—charts to show the difference between the two bills. A dispute arose among his advisers over whether Reagan himself should point to the charts; there were those who were fearful that this might distract him from his text. The President silenced them with a bit of Hollywood lore: "Listen, I once made a movie with Wallace Beery. After that, nothing could distract me."*

The networks offered Democrats time for rebuttal. Looking prophetically

*A notorious scene stealer, Beery played a lovable Mexican bandit in *The Bad Man* (1941). Reagan was the rancher he befriended.

**A dejected House Speaker O'Neill***

*Losing a struggle for political power.*

grumpy, Rostenkowski and O'Neill asked their $50,000 question: Would not voters in the 95% of the nation's households that earn less than that amount be better off with the Democratic version? But the tide had clearly begun to turn. O'Neill phoned potential defectors until midnight on Tuesday, trying vainly to keep his colleagues in line. But the next morning the Speaker admitted the imminence of defeat, blaming it on "a telephone blitz like this nation has never seen." Afterward, however, the Speaker joined Rostenkowski in phoning the White House. Said the President: "This is most gracious, Tip."

Some moderates and liberals blamed the loss on the leadership's auction-block approach to shaping a tax bill. Led by Arizona's Morris Udall, a handful of liberals had proposed an alternative one-year tax cut that was easily voted down. Said John Conyers of Michigan: "We can't out-Republican the Republicans and then beat Reagan." Other Democrats were ready to punish the party rebels, such as Texan Phil Gramm, who sat in on Democratic budget caucuses while working with the White House, and Hance, who not only co-sponsored Reagan's tax cut bill but also won $40 in a White House staff pool by correctly guessing the number of Democrats who would bolt with him.

For O'Neill and his allies, the string of Reagan successes raised the specter of an imperial presidency that could dictate legislation from the West Wing. But there is some question as to whether the same coalition that voted for his economic program will follow the President's lead on controversial social issues, like outlawing abortion, or on tough foreign policy questions, like selling AWACS surveillance planes to Saudi Arabia.

The biggest question of all involves the impact of Reagan's radical economics. His tax bill is based on untried "supply-side" theories that were rejected two years ago even by the Hill's senior Republicans when first proposed by Congressman Jack Kemp of New York and Senator William Roth of Delaware. "Pray God it works," said Pennsylvania's Joe McDade, a G.O.P. moderate who voted for the bill with his fingers crossed. "If this economic plan doesn't jell, where are we going to get the money for anything?"

Reagan, ever optimistic, sounded reflective when asked after the vote when he expected to see results. His answer: "The effect of the tax cuts and putting money back into the economy, well, those can't be seen until the money is invested. And, of course, the budget cuts will be felt as they take place in 1982." That year will mark the first electoral test his Republicans face. Should Reagan's revolution work out the way he hopes it will, those congressional elections may well entrench the Republicans as the party of the '80s. If not, and if inflation is inflamed by federal budgets wallowing in red ink, the President will have to shoulder most of the blame. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

*Wearing a tie fit for a politician: it reads "Hello Handsome" when he looks in a mirror.

**G.O.P. House Leader Robert Michel celebrating with Kemp, Hance, Conable and Roth**

# Tracking the Great Persuader

## *Or, how to tell an arm twist from a back scratch*

*It was countdown to roll call in Congress, and the vote on the tax bill in the House, according to all predictions, was going to be close. The White House knew that a little salesmanship was in order, and so the Great Persuader went to work. After it was over and Ronald Reagan had once again stunned the House leadership by picking up 48 Democratic votes for his bill, the President insisted: "There hasn't been any arm twisting of any kind." Shucks, no. But there are ways, all sorts of ways . . .*

**The President makes his tax-program pitch to Democratic Congressmen at Camp David picnic**

*Peanut deals, a boost from Big Business, kazoos and the television trump card.*

**Take a Democrat to a Picnic.** Three days before the House vote, the President invited 15 pivotal Democrats to Camp David for an all-American afternoon of hot dogs, hamburgers and homily. Among them was Glenn English, a fourth-term Congressman from Oklahoma. Reagan followed up the hamburger with a handwritten note to "Dear Glenn," promising to veto any bills that would authorize a windfall-profits tax on natural gas. English later showed the note to colleagues of his with natural gas interests among their constituents. They, like English, voted Reagan's way.

**Follow Up Those Interviews.** Everyone likes to shuffle his feet in the Oval Office. Reagan invited a score of Congressmen to visit him there on Monday, and 43 more on Tuesday. Some came alone, others in groups of six or seven. After Democrat Ralph Hall of Texas affirmed his commitment to his party's bill, the President followed their chat with a telephone call to a radio talk show in Hall's district. So many constituents called Hall's office afterward that he begged party leaders to release him from his commitment to the leadership bill. When it came time to vote, Hall backed the President.

**Play Let's Make a Deal.** Armed with a list of Congressmen and their pet projects, the President spent hours on the phone. "What can I do to help you make up your mind?" he would ask the reluctant Democratic dragoons. Angry about windfall oil taxes? Worried about Cuban refugees? Just tell me what you want. Reagan won New York Congressman Mario Biaggi's backing when he promised to support legislation that would preserve minimum Social Security benefits for the truly "needy."

A few days before his TV address, Reagan called Texas Democrat Charles Stenholm into the Oval Office to ask for his support. Stenholm agreed and pointed out that one way the President could win some Southern Democrats would be to stop opposing a peanut-crop allotment scheme. Taking his advice, Reagan later assured the ten-man Georgia delegation that the matter was not peanuts to him. When former President (and sometime Peanut Farmer) Jimmy Carter called Congressman Bo Ginn, it was too late. Carter was Ginn's 405th caller that day —and only the fifth to support the Democratic bill. Ginn and seven other Georgians had decided to back Reagan.

**A Little Help from Big Friends.** What is good for General Motors may be good for the country, after all. Reagan invited more than 200 business leaders to the White House on Monday to push his program. Executives of GM made calls to Congressmen, and Dow Chemical urged its employees to contact their Representatives. At the heart of the corporate effort was the "No Name Group," a little-known gathering of Washington lobbyists for the Chamber of Commerce and similar business associations. At their weekly breakfast at the Sheraton Carlton Hotel last week, the lobbyists had been supplied by the White House with the names of 43 Democratic Congressmen whose votes might be winnable. No Name was ready. Since the Chamber of Commerce is a presence in cities and towns of any size, the wires started humming in critical congressional districts. Result: 29 of the 43 targeted Democrats supported the President. Admits David Franasiak, director of tax policy for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "It was the business community working for its best interests."

**Send in the Clowns.** DoALL Company, a Chicago-area machine tool distributor with nationwide offices, hired the Eastern Onion Singing Telegrams company of Bethesda, Md., to bring its message to 74 undecided Congressmen. DoALL's local branches had been hurt by the business slump, and they favor the President's tax plan. Their ditty, sung to the tune of *The Yankee Doodle Boy*, concluded: "You'll have a job for every man/ So just say 'Aye'/ Don't be a slob/ Someday you might have Reagan's job/ So please vote for Reagan's tax-cut plan." Six singers, dressed in top hats and tuxedos, invaded three congressional office buildings Wednesday morning, armed with kazoos and cymbal-playing mechanical monkeys. Only Bonzo was missing. Some Congressmen, however, were not amused. Los Angeles Democrat Edward Roybal, 65, took to the House floor that afternoon to denounce the stunt. Said he: "We are dealing with serious economic issues, and some of our loyal opposition seems to think it is time to send in the clowns."

**Take to the Airways.** It worked beautifully against Jimmy Carter. When all else fails, the Republican trump card is television, as practiced by Ronald Reagan. During his 22-minute speech to the nation, the President told the American people to keep those cards and letters coming in to their Congressmen. Although the hot dogs at Camp David did not convert Maryland Democrat Beverly Byron, a thousand calls to her after the speech did. She, like so many others, went the President's way after a nudge from the voters. *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Douglas Brew and Hays Gorey/Washington*

# Searching for the Bottom Line

*Reactions to the tax bill range from delight to horror*

"Something of a minor miracle," said Michael Evans, a Washington, D.C., economist. "Fiscal graffiti" and "a huge disaster" were the capsule descriptions offered by Economist Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution. Both men were referring to congressional approval last week of the Reagan-endorsed tax bill. Reaction to the program ranged from sheer delight to unspeakable horror; business leaders were generally pleased, while angry labor chieftains charged that the program was a giveaway to the rich.

Compromised though it was by last-minute sweeteners designed to secure the votes of key Congressmen, the tax bill was essential to the Administration's radical experiment in Reaganomics. The key question, of course, was whether it would work. Will it, as the Administration hopes, create more jobs, increase productivity and incentive, reduce inflation and make American industry more competitive in world markets? Or will it, as critics charge, only make inflation worse, balloon the budget deficits, keep interest rates high, make the rich richer and hurt the poor? No one knows for sure, no more than anyone knew whether the equally controversial big spending, big deficit schemes of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal would work when they were proposed in an earlier time of radical change. Some major provisions of the tax bill:

**The 25% Individual Tax Cut.** This, the centerpiece of the program, will start showing up in the paychecks of 98 million working Americans after Oct. 1, when federal withholding taxes will be reduced by 5%; this will be followed by two more cuts of 10% each in July 1982 and July 1983. The initial 5% cut will amount to only a few dollars for most individuals, but it will cost the Federal Treasury $25 billion during the first year. As further cuts kick in, the cost will rise to about $104 billion by 1984.

Will that money go toward a massive national spending spree, driving up inflation as too many dollars chase too few goods? Or will it go toward saving and investment? The Administration is betting that, given the certainty of three years of tax cuts, people will put away more than the 4.7% of earnings they now save. An increase of only 1% in the savings rate from U.S. personal income of $2.1 trillion would provide $21 billion in extra money for new plants and equipment, increase industrial output and jobs, making the economy grow.

But some critics have grave doubts that that will occur. One of them is Brookings' Pechman, who says that the cut, together with all the other goodies tossed into the package, will only increase the federal budget deficit without contributing to increased productivity. Says Pechman: "The zeal to cut taxes is so great that they [Congressmen] don't pay attention to the deficits." Among businessmen there seems to be a consensus that the first small returns from the cut will be spent and not saved: they will, after all, appear in paychecks some time before Christmas, and some retailers are already preparing "tax cut special sales."

The poor, claim Pechman and others, will be hurt since their benefits from the tax cut may be more than offset by cutbacks in funding for social programs that are incorporated in the budget portion of Reagan's agenda. Last week the Joint Committee on Taxation noted that about 35% of the total dollars in tax cuts will go to 5.6% of the people, those making $50,000 or more a year, while 31.7 million taxpayers earning $15,000 or less will get only 8.5% of the 1982 cut. The Administration's reply is that only those who earn $50,000 or more save enough to affect investments.

Rich or poor, most Americans will not find themselves much further ahead if those income tax cuts are offset by scheduled rises in Social Security taxes and the inflationary creep of wages to higher tax brackets. That is the view of Lacy Hunt, economist for the Fidelity Bank of Philadelphia, who calculates that such raises will total 21% during the next three years, all but wiping out the 25% cut (which would, however, save wage earners from being that much further behind).

**Indexing.** Slipped into the package during the last few days of debate, this would guard against "bracket creep" by indexing taxes to changes in the Consumer Price Index. For example, a person earning $20,000 who received a 10% raise at a time of 10% inflation would pay no extra tax. It would not become effective until 1985, when the 25% cut will have run its course. In that year indexing will cost the Government an estimated $8.6 billion in revenues, jumping to $22.7 billion in 1986. There are those who fear that, for all its seeming virtues in protecting taxpayers' real levels of income, indexing would build even more inflation into the economy and dull the resolve to fight it.

**Unearned Income.** While the tax rates now vary from 14% to 50% on earned income, the rate on unearned income (stocks, bonds, real estate sales) goes up to 70%. The bill would reduce that top rate to 50% on Jan. 1. Along with that will go a reduction in the capital-gains tax on profits from the sale of stock or other property: the maximum tax, currently 28%, will go down to 20%. Late in the week, House-Senate conferees dropped a provision that would have decreased from a year to six months the time an asset must be held before qualifying for long-term capital gains treatment. That could have encouraged investment in common stocks at a time when high interest rates are luring money from the stock market.

**Reduction of the "Marriage Penalty."** Under the current system, husbands and wives who both earn paychecks pay more taxes than if they were single people living together. Moreover, the first dollar of income for a wife who earns, say, $10,000, is taxed at the same high rate as the last dollar of her husband, who, for example, may earn $25,000. The Reagan package would allow a couple to deduct 5% of the smaller income up to $1,500; in 1983 the

deduction rises to 10% or $3,000, whichever is less. Even Pechman favors this change. People should not be penalized by the Government, says he, "just for getting married." Cost to the Treasury by 1986: $8.7 billion. Administration officials argue that the price is worth it, since reduction of the marriage-tax penalty should encourage more nonworking spouses to enter the job market. Says a Treasury official: "The idea is that you get not more savings but more work effort."

**Exemption from Estate and Gift Taxes.** Inheritance taxes would not come into play until the value of an estate rose to $600,000, *vs.* $175,625 now. To be phased in over six years, the provision was designed to prevent the disappearance of family-owned businesses and small farms, which often must be sold to pay inheritance taxes. Critics, however, charge that this provision will mainly benefit the wealthy. By 1987 only three-tenths of 1% of estates will be taxed, *vs.* 2.8% now. Gifts from parents to children or between spouses will be tax-exempt up to $10,000 annually, *vs.* $3,000 now, a long overdue correction for inflation. The $3,000 limit was set 40 years ago.

Family farm in Arthur, N.Dak.

**Savings Incentives.** The bill attempts to get at a built-in bias in the Internal Revenue Code that exempts every penny of interest paid, as for a home mortgage, but taxes interest earned, as on a savings account, above $400 for a married couple. But the way the bill goes about ending this bias has met with wide disapproval. The bill authorizes the so-called All Savers Certificate, which will exempt the first $2,000 of interest (for a joint return) from federal tax. The one-year certificates will be issued for 15 months, starting Sept. 30, and 75% of the money from them must be invested by the issuing institutions in housing or agricultural loans. That will deflect savings out of stocks and municipal bonds, force up other interest rates and not actually increase the total amount of savings. What All Savers amounts to is a bailout of the nation's troubled savings and loan associations, and a costly one to the Treasury: $500 million in 1982, $2.8 billion in 1983. The certificates will be succeeded in 1985 by an exemption of up to $450 of interest income for single taxpayers, $900 for married people.

**Business Tax Relief.** The package allows for faster depreciation of investments by businesses: plants can be written off in ten years, equipment in five years and vehicles in three years. This "10-5-3" formula, strongly favored by corporations and their lobbyists, should theoretically encourage businesses to invest in new factories and replace obsolescent equipment. Some critics, however, worry lest companies use some of their tax savings for other purposes—to reward stockholders with higher dividends, say, or buy up other businesses in the current urge to merge. But Ted Eck, chief economist for Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), does not agree that business gets a windfall from the new allowances. Says he: "There are lots of goodies in there for small business. Big business wins some and loses some. The new depreciation formula looks good, but what we get back is not all that different from what we are getting now."

JANE CONNOLLY

Drilling for oil in Louisiana

*Will too many dollars chase too few goods?*

**Windfall-Profits Tax Exemption.** The bill chips away the Carter Administration's windfall-profits tax on oil producers, increasing the exemption from $1,000 to $2,500 for oil royalties in 1981, then to the profits from 2 bbl. of oil daily in 1982, then 3 bbl. in 1985 and thereafter. The tax on newly discovered oil will also drop, from 30% to 15% in 1986. Small independent oil producers who get crude from low-yield "stripper wells" will be exempted altogether in 1983. Despite Democratic protests that the provision is a giveaway to big oil, it benefits wildcatters far more than giants such as Exxon and Mobil. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan is probably right when he argues that the exemptions will help produce "whatever crude we can in this country."

The Administration has not yet spelled out the anticipated impact of all parts of its tax package. But in its July midyear economic review, it forecast an increase in real economic growth after discounting for inflation of 5% in 1983, *vs.* an expected 2.6% this year. Inflation too should come down, from a 9.9% rate through December to 7% next year, dropping to around 4% by 1986. Interest rates should go down from 13.6% now on 91-day Treasury bills to 5.5% in 1986. At the same time, contends the Administration, the federal budget deficit should almost disappear as rising productivity and increased employment combine to increase federal revenues and wipe out the loss to the Treasury from the tax cuts. By 1984, according to this rosy projection, the deficit should have shrunk from around $55 billion next year to a minuscule $2.2 billion—though even that could vanish with further refinements in the tax package.

Shoppers in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Liberal economists are convinced that none of these things will happen, especially with such items on the Reagan agenda as vastly increased defense spending. Besides, they add, whatever good might have been done by a "clean" tax bill—one that allowed only the personal cuts and relatively modest breaks for business—has been muddied beyond salvation by all the other goodies stuffed in to win congressional support. In short, the bottom line is largely unknown, as Reaganomics faces its first test in the world's largest industrial democracy. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gisela Bolte and Gary Lee/Washington*

# Anatomy of a Sad CIA Affair

## *Casey survives the furor, but suspicion and intrigue linger*

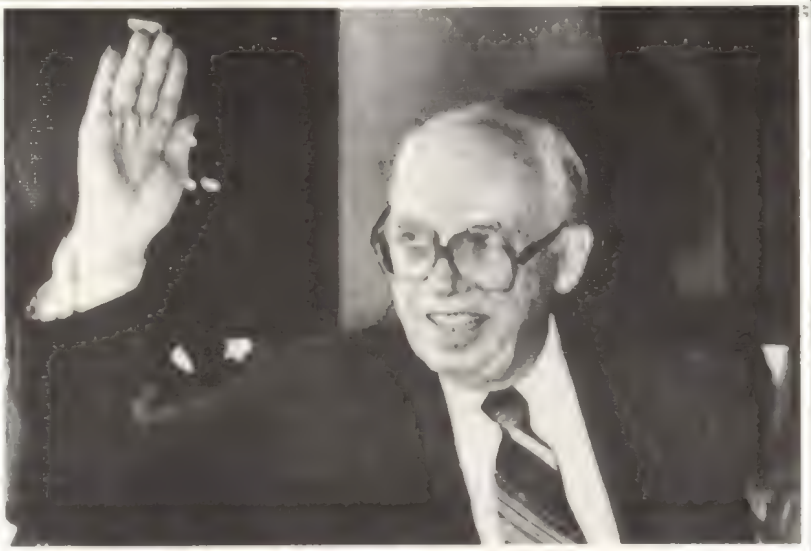
*"It is the unanimous judgment of the committee that no basis has been found for concluding that Mr. Casey is unfit to serve as director of Central Intelligence."*

It was hardly a ringing endorsement, but that statement by a sour Senator Barry Goldwater nevertheless ended a two-week furor in Washington over the fitness of William Joseph Casey, 68, to stay on as head of the Central Intelligence Agency. The Senate Intelligence Committee, which Goldwater leads, promised to push on with its investigation of Casey, but Ronald Reagan's former campaign manager clearly had won, on points, one of the nastiest brawls in Washington since the President took office. In a broader sense, however, everyone lost. Casey remained under suspicion. Goldwater and other Senators who attacked Casey prematurely had been forced to retreat. Questions about secret CIA operations, and the character and judgment of the nation's top spymasters, had been raised around the world.

The Casey battle involved a complex mixture of personal and institutional motives, the springing of leaks and planting of misinformation, and a web of backstage intrigue that tended to obscure the real reasons for the struggle. As pieced together last week by TIME correspondents, the inside story reflects little glory on any of the participants.

A central figure in the drama was the increasingly crusty Goldwater, who considers himself the Senate's leading expert on intelligence. The venerable (72) Arizona Republican was miffed when the Reagan transition team failed to consult him last January on who should head the CIA. He did not like the choice of Casey, a wily and tough Washington operator, to direct the agency. Casey made matters worse by virtually ignoring both Goldwater's committee and the House Intelligence Committee, which take their duties to oversee the CIA seriously. He even curtailed the CIA's congressional liaison staff.

Meanwhile, tension was rising between the White House and the oversight committees on just how much flexibility the CIA should be given to conduct covert operations and plant undercover agents abroad. The committees want to retain their own close surveillance in order to prevent the kind of excesses that caused the CIA so much public grief in the 1970s. Reagan, however, has prepared an Executive order under which many of the restrictions imposed on the agency by the Carter Administration would be lifted. The CIA, for example, might be able to use the Peace Corps and students abroad as undercover agents. This proposal has led some Senate Intelligence Committee members, as one put it, to believe that "the White House favors anything over at the CIA so long as it's not embarrassing."



Casey on his way to a "cakewalk" with Senate Intelligence Committee

*Leaks and misinformation, not to mention a complex mixture of motives.*

Within the agency, philosophical fights were brewing too. One faction, including Casey's top deputy, Admiral Bobby Inman (who had been Goldwater's choice to head the agency), advocates more emphasis on "pure" intelligence gathering and analysis—calling the world as the agency sees it, whatever the conflicts with Administration policy. Other officials feel that the agency should tailor its reports to the decision-making needs of the President. Casey was seen by some as reflecting this view. When a CIA report failed to detect the degree of Soviet influence over worldwide terrorism that the White House is convinced exists, for example, Casey ordered the study to be redone, and then redone again.

The agency was also split over an internal reorganization plan under which all of its work relating to the Soviet Union would be consolidated in a single and probably dominant directorate. At present, responsibility for Soviet affairs is parceled out to directorates that deal with intelligence gathering, analysis and covert operations. The reorganization was first pushed by Max Hugel, the man whom Casey chose to head clandestine operations—a wheeler-dealer from New Hampshire who was widely viewed inside the CIA as a political amateur and incompetent spymaster

Late last month two Wall Street stockbrokers, Thomas and Samuel McNell, publicly accused Hugel of illegal stock manipulation in the mid-1970s. The timing of the McNells' attack, so long after the events that had turned them into enemies of Hugel's, fueled suspicions that it may have been instigated by Hugel's CIA foes. When Hugel promptly resigned, his mentor, Casey, suddenly looked vulnerable too. Goldwater, in particular, saw the Hugel fiasco as reason enough to replace Casey for having chosen a misfit for the sensitive job.

Goldwater, Thompson and Democratic Senator Moynihan

After the Washington *Post* published the McNells' charges, other papers followed up with a story about an overlooked May 19 decision by a federal judge: he had ruled that Casey and other directors of Multiponics, a New Orleans agribusiness venture, had misled investors about the finances of the firm. With that, Goldwater swung into action, ordering an investigation of Casey's fitness for his job. Even before the probe began, Goldwater and two other Republican Senators, Ted Stevens of Alaska and William Roth of Delaware, called on Casey to quit

The anti-Hugel faction at the CIA, sometimes using mem-

bers of an "old boy" network of former agents, pushed for a quick Casey kill. It fed Goldwater the dubious information that Casey had emerged from Multiponics' bankruptcy in 1971 with a profit of some $750,000; he insisted he had lost almost his entire $145,000 investment. The same CIA sources apparently spread a false report that Casey and Hugel had planned a covert operation aimed at the "ultimate" removal of Libya's Strongman Muammar Gadaffi from power. Misinformation was leaked to *Newsweek* that the House Intelligence Committee had been so alarmed at the Libya plot that it had written Reagan to protest. (TIME had also learned about the alleged plot, but concluded that the report was untrue.) The White House last week flatly denied *Newsweek's* story. But then, in another deceptive leak, apparently designed to stop the Libya rumor, CIA sources suggested that the West African nation of Mauritania was the object of a somewhat similar-sounding operation. In fact, both congressional committees had objected to a much broader, proposed CIA operation—one that did not involve physical attacks on any national leader—to shore up U.S. interests in the Middle East and North Africa. This hasty scheme reinforced Goldwater's view that, according to one Senator, "he just couldn't stand watching a bunch of amateurs running things."

As the attacks on Casey mounted, Reagan kept asking aides: "Is there anything to these charges against him?" The White House began to qualify its backing of Casey. But then the old pro counterattacked. He made an effective series of calls on Senators, admitting that he had been wrong in appointing Hugel. Most surprising of all, the reticent, publicity-shy Admiral Inman went on ABC's *Nightline* TV program to deny rumors that he was leading a coup against Casey. Declared one astonished former CIA spook: "That's like seeing George Smiley appear on the *Gong Show*."

Behind the scenes, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker worked to keep Goldwater's committee from appearing to lynch Casey first and give him a hearing later. While publicly supporting Goldwater, Baker urged him to appoint Fred D. Thompson, a longtime friend from Tennessee who was Republican counsel in the Senate's Watergate investigation, as chief counsel in the Casey probe. Thompson accepted the post, promising a prompt but careful study. Casey supplied the committee with volumes of documents and demanded a quick hearing.

Walking into a Capitol elevator last week, Casey confidently declared, "It's going to be a cakewalk." During the five-hour, closed-door grilling, most of the Senators, who had not had time to study the Casey papers, were less interested in his business practices than his leadership of the CIA. Some Senators complained about a lack of good intelligence from the Middle East under Casey. Others contended that the CIA's analytical reports were too "political." Mostly he was assailed on his appointment of Hugel.

Casey took full blame for the Hugel choice, admitting that it "turned out badly." He insisted that he was on the same side as Inman in wanting a non-political, objective analysis of intelligence. He agreed that many of the restrictions on the agency were proper. He promised to cooperate fully in helping congressional committees perform their oversight.

Still, the Senate committee's final statement on Casey was a compromise. Some Senators, including Washington's Henry Jackson, Texas' Lloyd Bentsen and Rhode Island's John Chafee, had urged the committee to express its "absolute confidence" in Casey. Others, including Goldwater, New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Delaware Democrat Joseph Biden, wanted to avoid any pronouncement until the investigation of Casey's background was complete. Instead, the committee found him merely "not unfit" to continue.

The Reagan Administration had hoped to free the CIA from controversy, stiff restrictions and stern oversight. Instead, the agency is saddled with a director whose every major move now seems likely to be carefully scrutinized and with morale problems resulting from its own internecine plotting. Getting back to its real work, the mission of forewarning the U.S. of its enemies abroad, may not come easily. —*By Ed Magnuson.*

***Reported by Jonathan Beaty and Johanna McGeary/Washington***

# Man Without a Country

*Haig ousts an envoy who spoke up once too often*

Former Ambassador Robert Neumann

When Israeli planes bombed Beirut last month, Secretary of State Alexander Haig was publicly criticized for being too soft on Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and for not having a coherent Middle East policy. Haig's patience was further strained when Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger assailed Begin's lack of "moderation," a more reproachful view than that of the State Department. So when Haig learned that one of his own ambassadors, Robert Neumann in Saudi Arabia, had joined the chorus of dissent, he decided to make his own feelings very plain.

During a meeting in Washington on July 20 with Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Neumann reportedly denounced Haig's refusal to say that the Administration's delay in shipping F-16 fighters to Israel was punishment for the Beirut raid. Word of that disloyalty reached the Secretary, and Neumann was called in for a loud dressing down. The next day, Haig met privately with President Reagan and got permission to fire the ambassador. Last week Neumann, who had been in Saudi Arabia for only two months, announced his resignation "for personal reasons."

Since taking office, Haig has mounted a crusade to make the Administration speak with one voice on foreign policy issues, an effort that has sometimes brought him into collision with Weinberger, National Security Adviser Richard Allen and occasionally people in his own department. Neumann had earlier displeased Haig by pushing for the U.S. to sell Saudi Arabia five sophisticated AWACS radar and command center planes, while Haig saw no reason to rush the deal. To make matters worse, when Israel destroyed an Iraqi nuclear power plant in June, Neumann complained that U.S. reaction had been excessively mild.

Neumann had another strike against him: his close association with Richard Allen, whom Haig dislikes. A scholarly former Ambassador to Afghanistan and Morocco, Neumann was vice chairman of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies when Allen, a founder of the center, picked him to head Reagan's transition team at the State Department. Haig considered the team inept and unduly ideological, and dismissed most of its members as soon as he took office. Neumann survived—but without ever gaining the Secretary's trust.

By ousting an Allen protégé, Haig has demonstrated that his sometimes shaky status in the Administration is on the rise again. His choice for Neumann's replacement: Ambassador to the Philippines Richard Murphy, 51, a career diplomat with pro-Arab sympathies similar to those of Neumann. Murphy, TIME has learned, was Haig's original choice for the Saudi Arabia post. ■

Success is often measured by how deeply you're in the Black.

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Ad Council

# Spies Among Us

*Outrage at a professor's death*

For Wen-chen Chen, 31, life in the U.S. was splendid. He had just signed a new three-year contract to teach statistics at Carnegie-Mellon University. He and his Taiwanese wife Su-jen, both certified "permanent residents," owned their Pittsburgh house and doted on their year-old son Eric. In May, as the school year ended, Chen and his family flew home to Taiwan for their first visit since he came to the U.S. in 1975. Six weeks into that sentimental journey, Wen-chen Chen was picked up for interrogation by Taiwanese security police and questioned for 13 hours about his "anti-Taiwan" activities in the U.S.; the next morning his battered body—13 broken ribs, a fractured pelvis, ruptured internal organs—was found on the grounds of National Taiwan University in Taipei.

The Taiwan government suggests that Chen committed suicide. Colleagues and compatriots in the U.S. suspect that he was killed by the government—and fear they might be next. Says Lu Wang, 40, a data-processing analyst in New York City: "The Chen case has hit us like a tornado. In every heart there is fear. The case is not an isolated instance."

Chen's death aroused congressional concern that the repressive government of President Chiang Ching-kuo maintains a web of spies, especially on campuses, to keep an eye on the 500,000 Taiwanese living in the U.S. At a hearing last week, a House foreign affairs subcommittee heard testimony that Taiwanese headed for the U.S. are warned not to speak out against the Chiang government. Most obey, aware of the ubiquitous informers. Said Iowa Republican Jim Leach: "Without question, agents of the Taiwan government have engaged in harassment, intimidation and monitoring of U.S. residents." He called on the U.S. Government to investigate Chen's death and to determine whether campus spies are violating the Foreign Agents Registration Act. There is growing evidence that other governments intimidate their nationals in the U.S. Last year a Libyan student in Colorado, critical of the Gaddafi regime, was wounded by an assassin. In Utah two weeks ago, a Libyan student was killed.

Authorities in Taipei contend that Chen raised funds for a dissident Taiwanese magazine. Friends say he was not especially active in politics, though he believed Taiwan was overdue for democratization. It was apparently too much for his government. "The problem is you just don't know what it takes to get on the blacklist," says New Yorker Wang. "They're so paranoid it doesn't take much." Says a businessman who demanded anonymity: "I still consider Taiwan my home, but I wouldn't go back. I don't want to become the next Dr. Chen." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

# The Next Tough One

Ronald Reagan, triumphant but a bit weary from the tax-cut victory, is looking forward to a few days of wood chopping and thinking on his California ranch. Then, if current schedules hold, by Aug. 15 he will make up his mind and soon thereafter tell the world that he wants America's new MX missiles to be air launched, ultimately from new and sophisticated planes that could stay aloft for days.

Reagan faces no military issue more important, or more fraught with peril and charged with controversy. Already, the decision may be 90% made in the President's mind as events in the Dr. Strangelove world of nukes and launchers seem to be moving toward a final shape that has stunned the Pentagon, the industrial complex that builds the military's hardware and the defense experts of Congress. Subterranean shock waves came last week from the secret and cheerless Room 31074 in the Pentagon. There Richard D. DeLauer, Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, revealed a new plan to the special committee, headed by Nobel Physicist Charles Townes, that is assigned to find a satisfactory MX launching system. The session was chaotic. Most of the committee's 14 members find the air-launch idea doubtful because of structural and guidance problems, as well as the cost, which could reach $125 billion. But because DeLauer spoke for Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, and because Weinberger and Reagan are such close friends, the belief is that the scheme has thus far received the President's blessing.

Caspar Weinberger outside his Pentagon office

DeLauer proposed that the MX first be carried by C-5A Galaxy transports, redesigned and shielded against nuclear-attack radiation. But by 1990 they would be moved to radically new planes that would have structural materials and wing configurations permitting them to stay aloft for as long as a week. Until that airborne MX system is in place, DeLauer suggested, the U.S. could rely on antiballistic missiles to protect its aging Minutemen. That would require abrogation of the Treaty on the Limitation of Antiballistic Missile Systems with the Soviets. In ten years, DeLauer said, the idea of mile-deep missile silos would be explored. At that depth a missile is totally protected from any explosion, though clearing surface debris for a launch after a nuclear blast (which can turn sand to stone) remains an unsolved technical problem. Supplementing the missiles would be a new B-1 bomber and existing cruise missiles. Ideas for putting MX missiles on new submarines or surface ships were brushed aside.

Lost in the planning turmoil was the original MX design, with its 4,600 shelters scattered across the deserts of Utah and Nevada. Three billion dollars has already been invested in that system, but it is opposed by powerful Republican Senators Jake Garn of Utah and Paul Laxalt of Nevada. There is little question that Reagan wants to avoid crossing his powerful political friends. White House Counsellor Ed Meese is believed to feel that the original MX system was devised to fit Jimmy Carter's failed hopes for a nuclear arms limitation treaty and, thus, the multiple-shelters idea is tainted and must be scrapped.

On this issue Reagan, who has slain the congressional dragons one after another, will face another kind of beast. The Air Force, which will run any new MX system, is dubious that the technical problems of an air-launch system can be solved in the time available. Texas Senator John Tower, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, is expressing his concern around Washington that each air-launched missile could cost $1 billion. He favors a variant of the land-based plan, which actually was begun under Republican Gerald Ford.

Weinberger knows there is a fight ahead, but he is determined to make a firm decision, which the previous Administration was unable to do. What worries many people is that components of the proposed new strategic plan, such as air launch and ABMs, have been rejected earlier, and a major controversy might stall plans to modernize U.S. strategic forces. Meanwhile, Moscow drives on with its awesome arms buildup.

New York's self-styled "senior ditchdigger" standing before the site of his last grand project: the 1964 World's Fair

# The Emperor of New York

## *Robert Moses: 1888-1981*

*"By courage and sheer logic and the ultimate ring of truth, men and women without conspicuously agreeable personalities have often won a place in history as great figures of their time."*

Robert Moses, the author of that sentiment, was conspicuously disagreeable, and he never doubted he was one of the great figures of his time. He once likened himself to the Roman Emperor Titus (40-81 A.D.), who, like Moses, was an impresario of bricks and marble. The Moses empire embraced yachts, chefs, chauffeurs and 86,000 other minions. His power nominally depended on the chairmanships of obscure parks commissions and revenues from a toll bridge. In fact, he relied on a public as steadfastly admiring of him as he was contemptuous of them. He defied Governors and mayors for nearly half a century, outmaneuvered even Franklin D. Roosevelt, imposed his vision on millions of acres of New York City and State, and inspired the reshaping of the rest of urban America.

Neither planner nor architect nor lawyer nor legislator, just a self-described "senior ditchdigger," he was at once utterly pragmatic and utterly visionary. His skill, he said, was "getting things done." His genius was in seeing and serving the needs of future generations without flinching at the uprooting or expense he inflicted on the present one. When he died last week of congestive heart failure at 92, still in office as a $35,000-a-year consultant to the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, his legacy included: a metropolitan highway system in New York City bigger than the one in Los Angeles; the Lincoln Center cultural complex; the United Nations headquarters; and his last project, the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. Moses left behind twelve bridges, 35 highways, 658 playgrounds and more than 2 million acres of parks. He also built two Robert Moses state parks, a Robert Moses Causeway, a Robert Moses Parkway, a Robert Moses Dam at Niagara and another at Massena, which bears his name in stainless steel letters 3 ft. high. When he was forced out of power by Nelson Rockefeller in 1968, it was estimated he had spent the equivalent of $27 billion.

Robert Caro, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1975 for a critical investigative biography of Moses, *The Power Broker*, calls him quite simply the greatest builder in American history. Says Urban Scholar Lewis Mumford, perhaps the most persistent critic of the immensity and impersonality of typical Moses projects: "In the 20th century, the influence of Robert Moses on the cities of America was greater than that of any other person." Like Frederick Law Olmsted, the 19th century landscape architect who built Manhattan's Central Park, Moses believed in the democratizing effect of recreation. His goal was not simply to preserve beauty or connect neighborhoods, but to change the way the common man lived. His vision, alas, was sometimes misguided. A champion of the automobile (though he always had a chauffeur and never learned to drive), Moses hated mass transit. He designed parkways on Long Island with overpasses too low to allow buses. He also favored big, sterile public housing towers of a kind now associated with alienation and crime.

His idea of urban renewal was to level a neighborhood and start afresh. He unhesitatingly displaced 250,000 New York City residents and razed their homes to build highways serving the suburbs. Moses answered critics with contempt. He liked to demand: "If the ends don't justify the means, what does?" Architects reviewing the plans for a building would sometimes discover it had already been erected. Legislators who in 1926 had refused to fund Moses' Moorish-fantasy bathhouses for Jones Beach State Park found he had spent the entire appropriation on the foundations. Moses was fond of saying "Once you sink that first stake, they'll never make you pull it up."

The son of a New Haven department store owner, Moses moved to Manhattan with his family as a child. He was educated at Yale, Oxford and Columbia, and entered New York City government in 1914 to test his theories about civil service reform. Hired by Governor Al Smith in 1918 to reorganize state government, he began as a builder in 1924, when Smith asked him to head two state park commissions. He parlayed those jobs into a dozen quasi-public posts, held simultaneously. The only time Moses ran for office, as Republican nominee for Governor in 1934, he lost by a record 800,000 votes. But within a few months he was back in public favor, and his impact steadily grew on the use of space throughout America.

When he started building parks in the 1920s, 29 of the 48 states had no parks at all. When he left the state park system in the early 1960s, not only did New York have 2,567,256 acres, but the other states, inspired by his example, had 3,232,701. Viewers of Britain's royal wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral last week were reminded that the church's architect, Sir Christoper Wren, is buried there beneath a marker that reads, "If you seek his monument, look about you." Robert Moses could be buried anywhere in New York State, perhaps anywhere in America, beneath a tombstone that says just that.

*—By William A. Henry III.*
*Reported by Peter Stoler/New York*

*In 1903, Mrs. Elmer Claiborne thought she could sneak a cigarette while her nearsighted husband was getting his glasses refitted.*

*Mr. Claiborne made a spectacle out of her.*

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# WAY!

A splendid Prince, his beautiful Princess, a carriage, a crowd: fantasy come to life, a dream riding in stately progress through London. Except that this moment and the ones that came before and after were real, for all to observe. The millions upon millions everywhere who chose to do so discovered that seeing is believing. From the fireworks that etched the sky on the evening before last week's royal wedding to the tumultuous departure from a train station the next afternoon, a ceremonial vision was stunningly conveyed through a pageant of colors and forms. The old seemed polished by happiness and the new burnished by tradition.

Breastplates glistened and the flanks of superbly groomed horses shone in the morning sunlight. Guardsmen's jackets seemed redder than they had any right to be. St. Paul's Cathedral tapered up into the sky like an exaltation in stone. Remarkably close to schedule, the families of the bride and groom arrived, giving everyone else a chance to imagine a life free of traffic. Envy was out of the question, silenced by the uncommon presence of an ideal.

In her white dress and long train, the bride looked like an opulently petaled flower. Under the vaulting dome, she and the Prince leaned toward each other and exchanged a whisper: a small gesture that harmonized perfectly with the vast silence around them. Outside, the crowds thronged all the way from the cathedral to the palace. They were worth watching because they were not only spectators but part of the spectacle, a kaleidoscopic sea of red, white and blue periscopes, Union Jacks, bobbing faces full of excitement and pleasure.

It all seemed larger than life, but in truth was something much more miraculous: life itself magnified, given the amplitude that the spirit needs to move with grace. The couple at the center of all this attention performed impeccably, as everyone expected; but equally impressive were the thousands who worked in the background: these ranged from bobbies and choirboys to the Queen herself, who took an unaccustomed supporting role in the triumphant return to Buckingham Palace. As the photographs on the following pages show, all the effort was worth it. An ancient community affirmed its future.

The night before, fireworks flare over Hyde Park; the next morning, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip set off to the wedding

Princess Anne and Prince Edward wave; the Queen Mother smiles

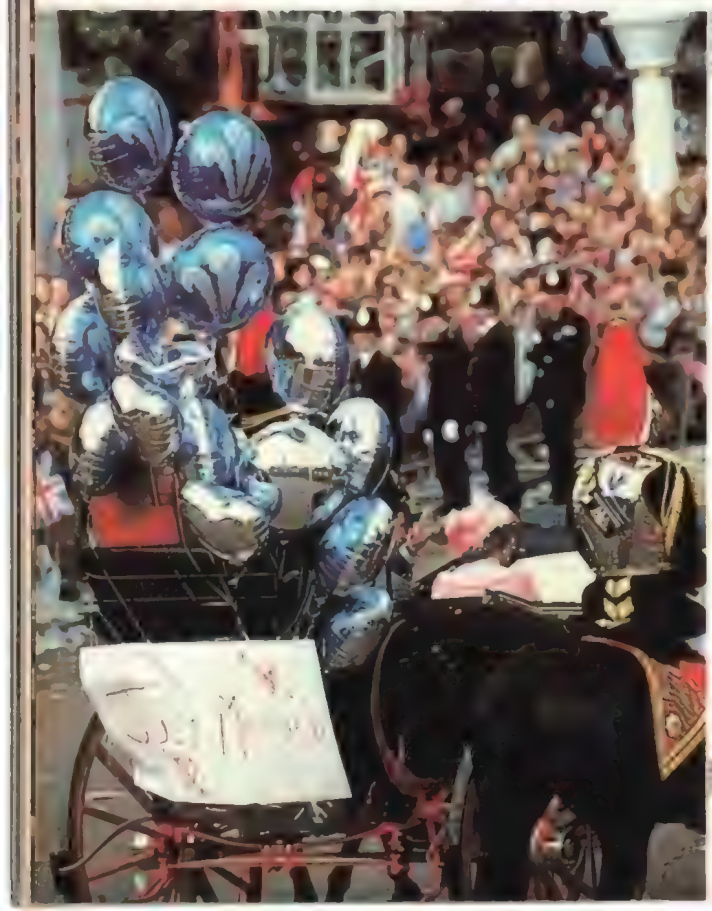
Earl Spencer Escorts his daughter into St. Paul's and up the aisle

In a cathedral full of guests, the groom and bride whisper briefly; the service ended, husband and wife depart

The new Princess of Wales waves to her ecstatic public and then enjoys a thunderous, horse-drawn triumph to Buckingham Palace

Some spectators were exuberant, others politely hemmed in by London police; inside the palace, the wedding party stood for a historic picture

After a highly visible kiss, the royal couple departs, trailing balloons; looking like newlyweds, they board a train and their future



SPECIAL SECTION
THE WEDDING OF THE CENTURY

# "WHY EVER NOT?"

## *And so they kissed—and set a lively royal style*

*It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.*
—Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

A glance behind glass. A held hand in an open carriage. A rushed, royal reordering of family gathered for farewell. A kiss. Several smiles. Two simple vows. Twelve balloons and a hand-lettered sign.

The majesty of the royal wedding was abundant in its ritual splendors, but its soul was all in the small things.

"We do this sort of thing rather well," Prince Charles had reflected. "It's a pity we can't export it." Well, of course, they can and they did. On a rare day of sun in a sorry summer, England came alight in celebration. This was a day of rejoicing that suggested, at a time of violence and uncertainty, nothing less than a national renewal. Three-quarters of a billion people the world over watched the full panoply of the British monarchy and discovered, beyond the gilded coaches and swirling colors and delirious silks, a grand but homey occasion. A family affair, laid on for love.

The world has wondered often enough why the British cling to their monarchy. What they get out of it. Why they need it. The British have frequently bestirred themselves to reply, sounding off in essays, epistles to the *Times* and innumerable speeches, all of which sounded as much like pep talks to the home team as reasoned answers to a curious—and sometimes bemused—off-island audience. As Leonard Mather, 50, a spectator along the processional route, put it: "We haven't got much any more in this country, but we do have our monarchy. It's a big part of what gives us self-respect."

Lately there has been much grim news out of Great Britain. The highest unemployment figures (around 12%) since the Depression, all-out street fighting in the inner cities. Suddenly, within and without, everyone needed reminding: not only of past glories but of future possibilities. And what better reminder than a wedding—showmanship and statesmanship in high style? The whole country is invited; the world can look on. The monarchy is seen, resplendent, as what the British have long insisted that it has become: an extended, and exalted, surrogate family. "The royal scene is simply a presentation of ourselves behaving well," said Dame Rebecca West. "If anybody is being honored, it is the human race." The Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, touched on the same theme in his wedding address, when he said that "all couples on their wedding day are 'royal couples' " *(see box, page 30)*.

All the ritual and regalia of the wedding were matched in ingenuity if not in splendor by the celebrations surrounding them. Angus Henry, 25, a freelance caterer, and Gwyn Jenkins, 25, an interior designer, set up hard by Buckingham Palace with a television, three cases of sparkling white wine, masses of duck paté, a crate of salmon sandwiches, French bread, orange juice and a large black umbrella. They threw a party right there for 50 friends, and on the wedding morning Angus changed into a morning suit. All along the wedding route, spectators wrapped themselves in flags and youths painted the Union Jack on their faces. Others sang the old patriotic songs like *Land of Hope and Glory*, and across the park, the Dorchester served free champagne with room service.

But past all the extravagance and the socializing, what was most impressive was the pervasive feeling not only of true joy but of real union. American viewers might have remembered the Bicentennial as they watched another country —a Mother Country—united in celebration and in pride. If the monarchy can do that, then all further explanations, apologies and justifications become superfluous.

Not that notes of skepticism did not surface here and there. "We think it's mainly a performance for the people," remarked Jiri Liska, an economics student from Prague who came to London with a friend and a sleeping bag and camped out along the processional route. "Do you think they realize that each firework that goes up is money out of their pocket?" They must realize it; the press, after all, has been keeping a running tab on the celebration for weeks. The point is, no one especially cares: not about the cost of the wedding-eve fireworks in Hyde Park ($16,000); nor the wedding cake (maybe $6,000); nor the entire jamboree (estimated conservatively at a million dollars).

The wedding seems to represent a solid, splendidly dramatic investment, like the monarchy itself. "Take away the monarchy from England and you've got just a banana republic," observes Kenneth Greenwood, 52, a former Royal Life Guard who escorted then Princess Elizabeth at her wedding in 1947. "You can screw around with the government here, but you can't screw around with the royal family." Robert Goodden, whose Lullingstone silkworms spun out the stuff of Lady Diana's wedding gown, insists that "very few, outside the extremists, would want to do away with the royal family. The fact that they need so and so much to live on—well, good luck to them. If you distributed it to everyone in England, it wouldn't be pence to them."

A few more pence is just the start of what would right the grievances of the hundreds of young people who rioted in Liverpool on the eve of the wedding. Not even the shock of the first riot death —David Moore, 22, run down by a police van during what was officially termed "mobile pursuit tactics"—could take the edge off the festivity. Australia's Nobel-prizewinning Novelist Patrick White suggested that the wedding was "a kind of rosy women's weekly romance to lull the more soft-centered among us and distract us from reality." There was, however, no sense that anyone wanted to forget the country's troubles. Said Donald Williams, 18, a skinhead who came to London from his native Portsmouth to celebrate the nuptials: "I was standing next to a black, and when he cheered I said, 'You're my mate—but only for today, mark you.' " Rather it seemed that the country was, on this day of symbolic union, drawing together to celebrate the traditional values that might, if anything could, surmount its growing problems.

From the general jubilation it seemed that confidence about the national past might stand at least as good a chance of turning things aright as members of the left do. Whatever else it may have been, surely this was not their day. Ken Livingstone, radical leftist leader of the Greater London Council, spurned his invitation to the wedding and spent the day in an empty office building doing "paperwork." Up in Derbyshire, in the town of Clay Cross, residents resisted the plan of the left-dominated town council to hold a "republican day" on the 29th and instead festooned their buildings with red, white and blue bunting and covered the windows in the town center with Union Jacks. Local Leftist Leader Cliff Fox had previously gone on record calling the royal family "a bloody parasite on the backs of the working class," with the result that several residents suggested that he be run up the

pole instead of the town's red flag. Fox made himself scarce on the wedding day. Even in Brixton, scene of London's worst rioting, residents bedecked a street that had recently been a battleground and partied next to gutted stores.

So the Prince got the most invaluable of exports—prestige—and with it a new confidence, fresh hope. Britain, like his bride, seemed to bloom. And like the bride, most of the celebrators who showed up to cheer the couple to the church and back from the altar of St. Paul's were young. They will be the foundation on which will rest Charles' eventual rule, and they show every sign of standing firm. There were plenty of punks and skinheads reveling along the wedding route, cheering beside their more conservative contemporaries. If anything, the new Princess seems to have stirred a heightened interest in the monarchy among the young, probably because she gives them, at last, some representation. "Since Lady Diana has come on the scene the royal family have sort of come alive for me," says Rosemary Harrison, 18, who spent three nights with her mother camped out along the mall. "Before, the royal family were something your parents were interested in. But Lady Diana seems so natural and young. We were all a bit jealous, to be honest."

The outpourings of universal regard and good-fellowship may have come as a slight surprise even to the British. The night after the wedding, the commissioner of the metropolitan police and the commissioner of the City of London police, who shared responsibility for the massive security arrangements, issued a statement saying simply: "We hoped for a happy day to mark an historic occasion. Our wildest hopes have been exceeded." Total arrests for the wedding day: ten, all for such minor offenses as pickpocketing or indecent assault. Along the length of the processional route, the rudest sign that greeted the royals was HI, MUM—which could have been, given the circumstances and the spelling, either a message directed via TV toward home or a chummy salute to the Queen Mother.

Still, the police took no chances. Not only did they comb St. Paul's daily for bombs but, the night before the wedding, prowled miles of sewer system under the city looking for explosive devices. For extra precautions on the big day, the Queen's Household Cavalry rode an unusually tight formation around her coach. Her personal police officer, Commander Michael Trestrail, sat near Charles in the cathedral, dressed appropriately in morning clothes, and the bride and bridegroom had a detective disguised as a footman riding their coach (not to mention the 400 plainclothesmen mingling with the onlookers). A team of top surgeons and a supply of blood plasma were waiting in a special emergency unit at a nearby hospital.

Fleet Street had the scene almost as well staked out. The *Sun* stationed 40 reporters with walkie-talkies all along the route, and the *Daily Mail* had 25. The only crime story remotely connected with the wedding broke on the day itself. It came out that ten days earlier, in Gloucestershire, two Buckingham Palace footmen, Stephen Beevis, 20, and Andrew Gildersleeve, 22, had been nabbed in a stolen Land Rover carrying 80 sticks of gelignite, batteries and assorted pieces of mining equipment. The story was kept under wraps, but Scotland Yard searched the Buckingham Palace quarters where Beevis and Gildersleeve lived before handing the case over to the Gloucestershire police to be treated as a local theft

The wedding pyrotechnics remained entirely benign: the chain of bonfires lit all over the United Kingdom; the fireworks display, which also helped raise money for disabled people, who are one of Prince Charles' particular interests; and the subtle shimmers of graceful light from thousands of mother-of-pearl sequins on the bride's wedding gown. Designers David and Elizabeth Emanuel ultimately proved to be more adept at keeping close to the ground than Gildersleeve and Beevis. After putting the word around that they had prepared several back-up dresses in case of a security breach, they finally fessed up that there was only one after all. But it was enough, and then some. It balanced stately splendor and storybook fantasy and was altogether a knockout. "The fairyness was us," David Emanuel said. "The regalness was her."

A perfect match, then, which took 40 yards of pure silk taffeta, 100 yards of crinoline netting, and some old Carrickmacross lace given by Queen Mary to the Royal School of Needlework and used for the bodice. For borrowed, the bride wore a diamond tiara from the Spencer family collection, clasping her silk tulle veil, and a pair of diamond-drop earrings lent by her mother Frances Shand Kydd. Blue was a bow sewn into the waistband. For luck, there was a tiny 18-karat gold horseshoe tucked away in the voluminous skirts. The anxious Emanuels were stationed just inside the entrance of St. Paul's to give the bride the final once-over before she took the 3½-minute trip down the aisle on the arm of her father Earl Spencer. "Am I ready?" inquired the Princess-to-be. "Oh, no," gasped David Emanuel, fussing with final adjustments. "She was incredibly calm," he recalls. "We were the ones who were nervous."

The bride and groom let butterflies

## A "Royal Task"

*Excerpts from the address delivered at St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie:*

"Here is the stuff of which fairy tales are made: the Prince and Princess on their wedding day. But fairy tales usually end at this point with the simple phrase 'They lived happily ever after.' This may be because fairy tales regard marriage as an anticlimax after the romance of courtship. This is not the Christian view. Our faith sees the wedding day not as the place of arrival but the place where the adventure really begins . . .

"Marriage is first of all a new creation for the partners themselves But any marriage which is turned in upon itself, in which the bride and

groom simply gaze obsessively at one another, goes sour after a time. A marriage which really works is one which works for others . . . If we solved all our economic problems and failed to build loving families, it would profit us nothing, because the family is the place where the future is created good and full of love—or deformed.

"Those who are married live happily ever after the wedding day if they persevere in the real adventure, which is the royal task of creating each other and creating a more loving world

All couples on their wedding day are 'royal couples' and stand for the truth that we help to shape this world and are not just its victims . . .

"This is our prayer for Charles and Diana. May the burdens we lay on them be matched by the love with which we support them in the years to come. And however long they live, may they always know that when they pledged themselves to each other before the altar of God, they were surrounded and supported not by mere spectators but by the sincere affection and active prayer of millions of friends. Thanks be to God."

best them only when they bobbled their vows a little. The bride transposed the first two of the groom's royal collection of names (Charles Philip Arthur George), and the groom omitted the qualifier when he promised her his "worldly goods." This was a charmed couple on a charmed occasion, and everyone, accordingly, was charmed by the mistakes. They were, in fact, almost a relief in the flawlessly directed proceedings, which managed to accommodate pomp, circumstance and the circumference of the King of Tonga, who settled his abundant frame into a chair he had ordered especially for the occasion.

Like the ceremony, the program of music relied heavily on the traditional with a felicitous overlay of the modern. There was everything from Handel to favorite hymns of Charles (*Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation*) and of Diana (*I Vow to Thee, My Country*) to a lilting yet regal new anthem by Welsh Composer William Mathias, 46. The ceremony ended with *God Save the Queen*, newly arranged by Sir David Willcocks, director of the Royal College of Music, who worked the oceanic swell of that great melody into a kind of coda of moral grandeur. As the anthem died, cheers penetrated the thick cathedral walls as if the world outside had got a celebratory jump on the congregation.

There were very few no-shows. King Juan Carlos of Spain, still steamed that the royal couple were departing on their honeymoon cruise from the contested Rock of Gibraltar, stayed away as announced, but sent a gift. The Rev. Ian Paisley, an Orangeman of the deepest hue, was dismayed that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Basil Hume, had been asked to say a prayer during the ceremony, and made his displeasure known in a rhetorical thunderbolt: "May God bless the Prince and his bride-to-be, but may God deliver the House of Windsor from the conspiracy of Rome to subvert the Protestant monarchy."

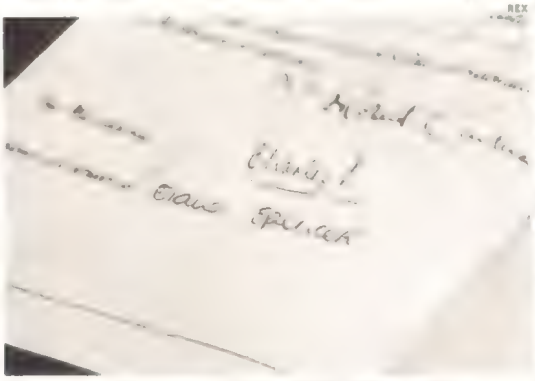
America's official representative was a never-stop. From the moment Nancy Reagan arrived in London she kept a hectic social pace, which included a meeting with the Queen at which she failed to curtsy. Fleet Street regarded this as a snub, although Buckingham Palace made it clear that Mrs. Reagan was not required to bend a knee. With that settled, the spiffy-looking President's wife quickly turned the tide, and by the time she appeared for the Hyde Park fireworks display on Tuesday night she received an ovation second only to the Queen's.

In addition to the no-shows and the never-stop was one guest who was almost a no-go: Sir Dawda K. Jawara, President of Gambia, who lingered a day in England after being regretfully informed by the Foreign Office that he had been deposed in a coup —but who at week's end returned to Africa to try to unseat the rebels.

The groom himself had to put up with a little good-natured palace revolution. His brothers Andrew and Edward got hold of a dozen balloons emblazoned with the Prince of Wales emblem, borrowed lipstick from a lady-in-waiting to scrawl a JUST MARRIED sign, and got up the royal buggy so that Charles and Diana looked like a couple of nine-to-fivers heading for a week at Brighton.

Well, not quite. But that gesture may have had a significance beyond amusement. At once witty and a little sentimental, the improbably bedecked coach was a sturdy vehicle for the royal couple to take into the future.

The Windsors have an almost acrobatic talent for letting down even while they stay aloof. This explains why it was noted with pleasure that on the wedding night, with bride and groom safely off on the first leg of their honeymoon, the Queen showed up at Lady Elizabeth Shakerley's "do" at Claridge's and danced to Lester Lanin, while her sister Princess Margaret arranged a couple of chairs, put up her feet and, according to a waiter, "had a good rest." It also shows why Princess Anne could have appeared the next day at a Royal Navy ceremonial and apologized: "Please excuse me if I sound somewhat different today, but I am suffering from a hangover after a very enjoyable wedding—but it is a lot less painful than normal ones."



**Signatures of the bride and groom in St. Paul's register**

*A new England from a renewed and re-wed past.*

Prince Charles is a monarchical Zen master of this kind of deflective gesture that establishes both closeness and distance. The former comes from the actual doing or saying; the latter from the perpetual surprise that it should have been done at all. Until last week's historic smooch on the palace balcony, no one could recall anyone in the royal family kissing on cue from the crowd. Lip readers who watched the scene on television reported to London newspapers this completely unverifiable exchange. He: "They are trying to get us to kiss." She: "I tried to ask you." He: "Well, how about it?" She: "Why ever not?"

Yes indeed. There are many conventional answers to that question, but fortunately the Prince had the sense not to come up with any of them. It seems likely that not even the best of reasons could have dissuaded the bride. Husband and wife know their duty, but they know their own minds as well. They realize that they represent not only a great tradition but a particular generation. The monarchy they inherit will, accordingly, undergo certain modifications. These may be most strikingly of style, but most deeply of substance.

In a 1964 essay titled "On Being English but Not British," Novelist John Fowles equated Englishness with tolerance, reserve and justice; Britishness with imperialism, conformity and arrogance. "The Great English Dilemma," wrote Fowles, "is the split in the English mind between the Green England and the Red-white-and-blue Britain. The agonizing reappraisal we English-Britons have had to make of our status as a world power since 1945 in fact permits us to be much more English again." Charles was a very young firsthand witness to that reappraisal; Diana was a child of it. Despite the prevailing celebratory colors, this wedding suggested—in Fowles' sense —an especially English occasion. It was not a celebration of aristocracy or privilege, but a reaffirmation of a tradition so deeply rooted in the landscape that it seemed less social than spiritual.

After their first two days at Broadlands (home of the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma) and two weeks aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* in the Mediterranean, the Prince and Princess will try to keep to themselves until late September, when what Charles calls "the family business" will start up again in earnest. Banquets, speeches, presentations, appearances: at least 200 official functions a year, plus one major foreign trip. The monarchy, it is said repeatedly, is above politics. But the monarchy has a political effect and the wedding demonstrated it, in the same way that it suggested the promise of a new England born out of a renewed—indeed, a re-wed—past.

"Green England is far more an emotional than an intellectual concept," Fowles wrote. "What we have done is to transfer the England of the trees to our minds." There, for an instant, we may see—and thus hope for—the England this Prince and Princess will one day rule. It will be far from the New Jerusalem. But still it may be close enough to catch a phantom glimpse of the greenwood. —*By Jay Cocks. Reported by Bonnie Angelo, with the London bureau*

Hijacked Iranian air force tanker, its markings covered after landing, waits at a military aircraft base near Paris

IRAN

# The Great Escape

*Banisadr flees his enemies and sets up a command post in Paris*

They were the two most wanted men in Iran, hunted for "high treason" by the vengeful mullahs around Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. When darkness fell on Tehran on July 28, Abolhassan Banisadr, the deposed President, and Massoud Rajavi, his ally and leader of the urban guerrillas known as the Mujahedin-e Khalq (People's Crusaders), slipped on stolen military uniforms and sneaked from their hideout into a small army van. They were driven to a military airfield, passing unrecognized through security controls (Banisadr had shaved his familiar mustache), and boarded an Iranian air force Boeing 707.

Waiting at the plane was Colonel Behzad Moezi, one of Iran's most accomplished pilots and a man with a remarkable background. He flew the Shah into exile in January 1979. But after growing sympathetic to the revolution, he returned to Iran and joined the Mujahedin. Suspected by the Ayatullah's entourage, Moezi in effect was grounded until war broke out with Iraq. Reinstated with the help of Banisadr, Moezi had flown more combat missions than any other Iranian pilot.

Eight days earlier, Moezi had filed a routine training flight plan with authorities. Now, with his passengers aboard, Moezi prepared to take off. A crew member who was not part of the plot nearly came across Banisadr, who was in the rear of the aircraft, but two other crewmen who had joined the conspirators seized the man. When a second innocent member of the crew came looking for the first, he too was grabbed. Precisely at 10:30 p.m., the big jet began to trundle slowly down the runway. Only then were the two captives released and told of their special cargo: "It's the President."

Once aloft, Moezi veered from the flight plan he had filed and headed west. The plane was actually over Turkey when it was caught by three Iranian Phantom jets. The fighter pilots radioed threats to shoot down the tanker but did not fire. One likely explanation: the fighter pilots' great respect for Moezi himself. Says Rajavi: "Had it been any other pilot than Moezi, we would have died."

At 4:30 a.m., Moezi landed at a military airfield in Evreux, 55 miles west of Paris. After 43 days in hiding, Banisadr was free. But the entourage had to wait at the airport for four hours until French officials, fearing retaliation against some 100 French citizens still in Iran, extracted a written pledge from Banisadr and Rajavi forswearing any political activity involving their home country.

Guerrilla Leader Rajavi, left, and Colonel Moezi, the pilot

*"It's the President," the captives were told.*

Flak-jacketed police then escorted the pair to Banisadr's old apartment in Cachan, a middle-class suburb of Paris, where he lived during most of his 16 years of exile from the Shah's regime. "I will stay here until the people [of Iran] find the path to democracy," Banisadr told a throng of reporters outside his home. At week's end he moved temporarily to a friend's home in northern Paris, apparently for security reasons.

The former President blamed Khomeini, who was once his mentor, for "the appalling disaster that has befallen the country. Said Banisadr: "We must try to find a quicker way of overthrowing the absolutists who lust after power only." The remarks upset French officials, who reminded Banisadr of the terms of his exile and forced him to cancel a press conference.

Banisadr's sudden escape stunned many diehard supporters, some of whom expressed a sense of betrayal after his earlier vows to stay and fight what he called "the new despotism." Other Iranians in exile scorned the idea of joining him in a united front against Khomeini. In particular, Banisadr was spurned by Shapour Bakhtiar, the last Prime Minister appointed by the Shah, who had also taken refuge in Paris. Bakhtiar argued, correctly, that Banisadr had helped build the Islamic Republic of Iran. Said the former Prime Minister: "What is happening to Banisadr is a direct result of what he himself created."

But Banisadr is depending for most of his support on the Mujahedin, who spent years battling the Shah's secret police. More to the point, the Mujahedin want a modern Islamic state, a fact that

undercuts the appeal of the mullahs and their obsession with the past. The guerrillas are estimated to have as many as 100,000 people under arms, with several hundred thousand additional sympathizers. The clerics have accused the Mujahedin of a rash of devastating bombings, including the June 28 explosion at Islamic Republic Party headquarters that may have killed as many as 150 people.

Mujahedin Leader Rajavi protected Banisadr by shuffling him among four guerrilla "safe houses" while he was in hiding. The two men cemented their alliance during long talks in their hideaways. They saw their strengths as complementary: Banisadr offering legitimacy as an elected President with broad popularity; Rajavi supplying military firepower and a keenly disciplined organization.

To fool the Islamic Guards, Khomeini's vigilantes, the Mujahedin spread rumors that Banisadr was hiding in Kurdistan. Actually, Banisadr spent the entire time in Tehran. He was able to move around the capital, not exactly at will but frequently, sometimes in a small car, sometimes in taxis. He wore no disguises, although he did give up his glasses, and only shaved his mustache for his escape. Occasionally, he was recognized, but no one reported him to the police. Most of the time, however, he traveled without attracting any attention.

Banisadr heard the radio coverage of his impeachment proceedings and later sent an appeal to Khomeini. Said Banisadr: "It was a race between bombings and executions. I tried to persuade Khomeini to stop the executions so I could ask the people to stop the bombings. The executions did not stop, and neither did the bombings."

Banisadr has named Rajavi as Prime Minister of his government in exile and authorized him to form a "national resistance council" that would serve as a government-in-waiting for the day when the mullahs may be swept from power. Both men proclaim faith in an Iranian republic that will be Islamic and democratic. They hope to galvanize an anti-Khomeini crusade like the Ayatullah's final campaign against the Shah. "We can overthrow Khomeini within a few months," boasts Rajavi.

But others are not convinced. "Many Iranian technocrats, doctors and engineers fled Iran because they were scared of fanatics like the Mujahedin, not because they supported the Shah," says Ali Shahin Fatimi, editor of an Iranian newsletter in Paris. Other Iranian intellectuals in exile criticize Banisadr's arrogance and political naiveté. Says one: "If he could not do anything as President, and if he cannot organize a revolt from within Tehran itself, what can Banisadr possibly do from Paris?" It is a question that the mullahs were also asking themselves last week in Tehran. *—By William Drozdiak. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and Alessandra Stanley/Paris*

# Plans for a Homecoming

*When Abolhassan Banisadr arrived in Paris, he was immediately surrounded by admirers, just as he once paid court to Khomeini when Khomeini was in exile in Paris. Shortly after reaching the city, Banisadr was visited by* TIME*'s Paris bureau chief, Jordan Bonfante. His report:*

A steady stream of worshipful Iranian supporters line up to receive instructions from Banisadr. At a dining-room table, a dozen young Iranian students work on mimeographed communiqués. Husky bodyguards carefully screen all visitors. The former President is seated on a couch before a big mahogany coffee table. Above his head hangs a campaign poster of himself. He now has neither the mustache nor the glasses that appear in the picture. Relaxed in shirtsleeves, his shoes off, he appears slightly pudgy and tired, but good-humored and confident.

Banisadr believes the chances for the success of his resistance movement are high because popular opposition to Khomeini's regime is spreading fast. He is convinced that the people no longer honor Khomeini as their religious leader. He notes with pleasure that the Ayatullah tried to mobilize mass demonstrations before the French embassy in Tehran after his escape and managed to muster only 5,000, a pittance compared with the hundreds of thousands who used to turn out. Even more encouraging, he feels, the intelligentsia are siding with the resistance and so are the armed forces. Those who ask why the armed forces do not take action against the regime are told that it is because they are still engaged in the war against Iraq.

A confident Banisadr relaxes in his apartment

Banisadr, in fact, has told his supporters that he is not in favor of a military *coup d'état* because he believes the populace must take the initiative in acting against the regime. He envisions a mounting wave of mass demonstrations like those that eventually toppled the Shah.

Since he arrived in Paris, Banisadr has insisted that he has no intention of renouncing his title and responsibilities as Iran's President. He reminds supporters that he originally offered his resignation to Khomeini but that the Ayatullah refused to publish it and instead chose to outlaw him. If he had been allowed to withdraw legally, Banisadr claims, he would have represented a dangerous rallying force against Khomeini. Rather than allow that, Khomeini tried to suppress him altogether.

Banisadr thinks that he was able to hide out successfully in Tehran for so long because of the basic disarray of the government, which prevented it from conducting systematic searches. On July 23, Banisadr tells his supporters, there were 120 bombings in Tehran, and he asks, smiling, how anyone could have had time to hunt for him.

If he was fairly secure in hiding, and even able to organize active resistance on the spot, what compelled Banisadr to leave Iran? There are several reasons.

First, he felt that too many of his supporters—hundreds, in fact—were wastefully engaged in protecting him. Second, he wanted to demonstrate to the world that the resistance was strong enough to organize an escape from a military base in a military plane. Third, he felt he had to be more cautious in order to be ready for the tumultuous events that he believes are coming in Iran in the next few weeks. Banisadr argues that the majority of the people are still loyal to him, citing what he calls a dismally low turnout at the recent presidential election. Finally, he wanted to dramatize his conviction that it is not what he regards as minor groups, like that of former Prime Minister Shapour Bakhtiar, who can replace the Khomeini regime. He feels, naturally enough, that only Banisadr can do the job.

HERSKOVITZ—ZOOM 77

Prime Minister Begin: "If the terrorists keep on shooting, we shall not stand idly by"

MIDDLE EAST

# Counting the Costs

*Israel assesses the damage of the fighting—and the cease-fire*

"We shall not hold our fire indefinitely. If the terrorists keep on shooting, we shall not stand idly by." So declared Prime Minister Menachem Begin as he tried to reassure a worried Defense and Foreign Affairs Committee of the Knesset that Israel's security had not been unduly compromised by the cease-fire with the Palestinians. Begin's gruff tone—and the contentious nature of the meeting—reflected Israel's mood last week as it counted the costs, military and political, of the 14 days of fighting and the uneasy peace that followed.

The cease-fire was holding—barely—although there was a hot debate over what it entailed. After a Syrian MiG was shot down by Israeli planes over Lebanon, for example, the question arose whether Israel had the right, under the agreement, to continue its reconnaissance flights over the country. The Palestine Liberation Organization said no; the Israelis said yes, and the U.S. backed them up.

Leaders of the P.L.O. felt that they had gained some invaluable diplomatic clout from the negotiations for the cease-fire by dealing, however indirectly, with both the U.S. and Israel. Neither country has recognized the P.L.O. as officially representing the Palestinians. The P.L.O. was also confident that the Israelis had suffered a serious propaganda defeat as a result of their bombing raid on Beirut, in which some 300 Lebanese and Palestinians, most of them civilians, were killed and another 800 wounded.

The Beirut raid had indeed shocked the world, as the Israelis were worriedly acknowledging. Opposition Leader Shimon Peres flatly called it "a mistake." On the other hand, the Israeli raids on Lebanon called attention to the enormous arms buildup of the P.L.O. over the past six months. The new arms, paid for mainly by Libya, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, include Soviet-made 122-mm howitzers and 130-mm field guns. These weapons have not yet turned the Palestinians into a serious threat to the Israeli armed forces, but they have made it difficult for the Israelis to knock out P.L.O. concentrations with anything short of a full-scale ground attack.

Begin had another problem on his mind last week: forming a government. He was having a far harder time than expected in bargaining with his three potential partners, all small and conservative religious parties, to get the support he needed. Begin brought up the difficulty in an unusual setting in Tel Aviv. Wearing a black skullcap and sweating under the bright lights, he stood before an audience of the National Bible Quiz, a sort of Israeli College Bowl for scholars of the Old Testament. After telling the group how hard he had been working to try to put a new government together, the Prime Minister declared: "But the Bible is so rejuvenating, I feel quite young and strong." In fact, he joked, "you could say I feel fit enough to go through another election." In all likelihood, however, he will still be able to form a new government by Aug. 4, the deadline he had originally set for himself. He could nevertheless be forced to take an additional 21 days before he would be obliged to report failure to President Yitzhak Navon.

In the meantime, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat was preparing to fly to Washington for his first meeting with President Reagan. Sadat, whose historic 1977 trip to Jerusalem marked the beginning of serious negotiations between Egypt and Israel, is worried about both Soviet adventurism and Israeli aggressiveness, and he is distressed over delays in the delivery to Egypt of such promised American military equipment as F-16 jet fighters, M-60 tanks and Hawk anti-aircraft missiles. But the most important subject the two leaders will discuss is the best way to get the stalled Camp David peace process moving again. ■

BRITAIN

# About-Face

*Thatcher backs jobs program*

She is so closely identified with the program of austerity that her enemies have caustically dubbed it "Thatcherism"—a campaign to revive the economy and curb inflation by following a stern policy of tight money and cutbacks in government spending. Even when the unemployment rate for young Britons rose to 34% and the demand for jobs became one of the causes of the riots in the major cities, she insisted that she would not compromise. But last week, as mobs still rioted in Liverpool on the eve of the royal wedding, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher abruptly turned away from a key phase of Thatcherism. She went before the House of Commons to announce a $1.3 billion program aimed at providing more jobs and educational opportunities for the nation's 900,000 unemployed youths.

The goal of the plan is to put 500,000 young people (ages 16 and 17) either to work or in specialized instruction programs by 1983. The government-financed on-the-job training will be expanded from 440,000 slots to 550,000. Some 50,000 teen-agers will be encouraged to stay in school or to take vocational courses. To open up more jobs for young people, the program will beef up retirement benefits for elderly workers. To encourage firms to sign up teen-agers, the government will pay $28 for every employee under 18 who earns $74 a week or less. The proposals were immediately dismissed by opposition Labor Party leaders as trying to "stem a flood tide with a sandbag."

The new program was the result of the most acrimonious Cabinet debate of Thatcher's two-year reign as Prime Minister. Says one minister: "Margaret came under very heavy fire, with raised voices around the table." The attack was led by Tory moderates who argued for a much more sweeping proposal that would guarantee schooling, training or work for every 16-year-old. Cost: $2.3 billion a year. In the end, Deputy Prime Minister and Home Secretary William Whitelaw and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, the Cabinet heavyweights, backed the reduced plan, and Thatcher and Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe agreed to go along.

Although there is no immediate threat to Thatcher's tenure, the debate showed that the Cabinet could rebel against her if there is no economic improvement by next spring. Says one minister: "Things will never be quite the same after last Thursday." A growing number of Conservative backbenchers fear that their constituents are fast losing patience with the sacrifices demanded by Thatcherism. Warned one Cabinet minister: "We must recapture the middle ground or suffer a whirlwind of discontent." ■

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POLAND

# Have a Soothing Cup of Tea

*There isn't much else in the pot, and trouble is brewing*

The party congress had come and gone, government officials had promised new approaches to old programs, but still the anger grew. In Warsaw, some 2,000 textile workers quit their jobs for three hours, and many municipal bus drivers refused to go out on their routes. In Lodz, the country's second largest city, caravans of trucks and buses drove into the center of town with headlights flashing and horns blaring to the cheers of thousands of approving onlookers. The vehicles were festooned with red and white national flags and banners bearing such blunt messages as HUNGER and WE STAND IN LINE UNTIL OUR HEARTS BREAK. Next day as many as 10,000 women and children took to the streets of Lodz in protest.

The latest unrest was sparked by the government's abrupt announcement two weeks ago that food prices would soon triple or even quadruple* and the simultaneous word that meat rations would be cut by 20%, allotting each person only 6.6 lbs. per month (average U.S. consumption: 12.5 lbs.). That decree was one too many for the Poles, who must line up as long as 14 hours for basic foodstuffs. Moreover, between 30% and 50% of those standing in the queues go away empty-handed because of shortages of virtually everything. Even in the relatively well-supplied city of Cracow, window displays in grocery stores consist almost entirely of pyramids of packages of tea.

With the deepening food crisis, the public mood has shifted from resignation to anger. "Waiting in line is a national sickness," complained a Gdansk woman, who takes turns in the queues with her husband and two teen-age children. Snapped an unmarried Lodz textile worker: "We have been making sacrifices for years, but nothing has changed for the better. They need to improve our working conditions and give us some more food before they start talking of sacrifices."

As dissension spread last week, a hasty compromise was hammered out between the government and Solidarity, the trade union. But the agreement, which promised to rescind the ration cut after one month and make up the shortfall in the future, sidestepped the fact that restrictions are unavoidable in Poland.

*Examples: sugar would rise from 16¢ to 60¢ per lb.; ham from $2.45 to $6.20 per lb.

Angry marchers protesting food shortages crowd the streets of Lodz

*"We've sacrificed for years, but nothing has changed for the better."*

At week's end the government's problems produced a Cabinet shuffle that unseated three ministers. Among them was Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, who was reportedly sacked for failing to produce an economic recovery program. Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski, an army general, turned to two fellow officers to fill vacant posts: General Czeslaw Kiszczak as Interior Minister, and General Tadeusz Hupalowski as Minister of Administration.

Solidarity blames the food shortages largely on the government's grossly inefficient distribution system. There is some support for that argument. Grain-bearing ships, for example, are often unable to unload at Polish ports because there is no room in the grain elevators. Reason: a lack of trains to transport the grain to Poland's hungry people.

But the real root of the problem is the country's overall economic crisis. With wages rising and exports falling, the country can hardly meet the payments on its $27 billion foreign debt to the West, much less pay for food imports. Agricultural production has also been reduced because Poland cannot afford to import parts for tractors and combines; last week 60,000 were idle.

The U.S. is taking steps to stock Poland's larder. Last week the Reagan Administration announced plans to grant Warsaw $55 million in long-term credits to buy and transport 350,000 metric tons of U.S. corn to Poland to help save the country's threatened poultry industry. The Administration also authorized the Catholic Relief Services agency to buy surplus American agricultural products at low prices for shipment to Poland.

Reflecting just how critical its food shortage has become, Poland has attracted the concern of CARE, the New York City–based charity that first gained international recognition in 1946 by sending its food packages to World War II victims in Europe. Last week CARE shipped 11,000 packages to Poland, the beginning of a $5 million emergency relief effort by the organization. Poland thus became the only non–Third World country currently receiving any kind of aid from CARE and the first in 14 years to get the traditional package: a 13 in. by 13 in. by 6½ in. cardboard box containing about 23 lbs. of basic foods, including canned meat, cooking oil, rice, sugar, flour, powdered milk and split peas. Some 600,000 packages, costing $12 each and funded by private donations from the U.S., Europe and Scandinavia, will be distributed in Poland over the next year.

According to CARE Executive Director Philip Johnston, the program was inspired by a worried wave of calls, letters and donations from Polish Americans. When the organization first approached Polish authorities in early May about the possibility of sending food aid, says the CARE spokesman, "their reaction was remarkably favorable." The final agreement, signed in Warsaw in June, allows CARE to supervise distribution of the packages. They will be sent to the neediest groups: the elderly, young children, pregnant women and nursing mothers.

Capitalist package

The spectacle of capitalist charity aiding the victims of Communist economic shortcomings was heavy with political symbolism. Said Aloysius Mazewski, president of the Polish-American Congress, which launched the CARE project: "The fact that they can't feed their own people is humiliating. It simply underscores the inefficiency of their system." As food lines grew longer and tempers shorter in Poland, that point hardly needed to be made. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Linda Drucker/New York and Richard Hornik/Bonn*

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Consumer Orientation
No. 13 in a Series of Technical Papers

# 13

**Subject:**
Optimization of Driver Performance

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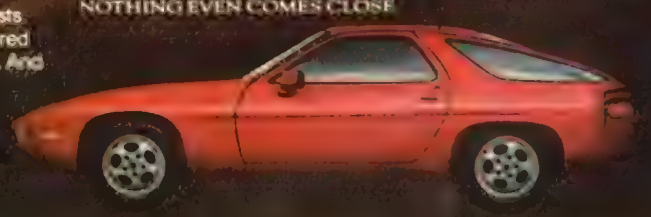

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GUATEMALA

# Requiem for a Missionary

*A U.S. priest is slain as political violence increases*

"Father, you're in extreme danger. You must get out immediately." When he got that warning from a parishioner in the village of Santiago Atitlán last January, the Rev. Stanley Rother had good reason to take it seriously: some 30 local villagers had already been kidnaped and murdered by right-wing death squads. Told that his own name was on a right-wing hit list, the red-bearded missionary reluctantly fled the village, where he had lived and worked for 13 years among the Cakchiquel Indians, and returned to his native Okarche, Okla.

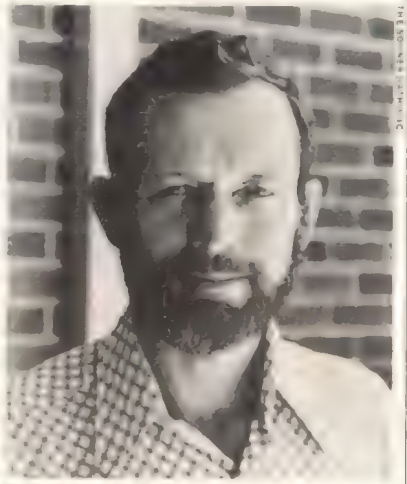
But Rother missed his village church near the banks of Lake Atitlán. And he missed the Indians, whose dialect he knew so well that he sometimes spoke it at Mass. Last April, when friends in Guatemala told him that the explosive political atmosphere had quieted down, he decided to go back. He told his family: "If I have to die, I will die there. I want to be there with my people."

Last week, after attending a traditional Indian fiesta in Santiago Atitlán, Father Rother died among "his people." Nuns found him in his rectory, lying in a pool of blood. Witnesses said he had been shot twice, once in the left temple and once in the left cheekbone, by three men wearing ski masks. His body was covered with welts and bruises, suggesting that he had put up a struggle. A strapping "Oklahoma farm boy," in the words of a friend, he had said that no would-be abductors would ever take him alive.

Rother was an unlikely target. In all his years among the Indians, he had scrupulously avoided controversy. Other American priests in the area considered him the most conservative of their group. Said the Rev. Ron Burke, who had worked with Rother in Guatemala: "He was the real low-key type, just doing his job. His real delight was upgrading the agricultural and health level of the people, training and teaching them."

But Rother and his congregation, like many Guatemalan villagers, were caught in the middle of the undeclared civil war that since 1978 has pitted the security forces of President Fernando Romeo Lucas García against leftist guerrilla groups operating in the highlands. Both the army and the guerrillas had taken over the village during the past year. Apparently suspected of sympathizing with the leftists, a number of Rother's parishioners were murdered while the village was under army control. Rother may have sealed his fate by writing a letter, which was reportedly circulated in the U.S. last January, describing the army's atrocities against innocent peasants.

Rother was the ninth priest—and first American—to die this year in Guatemala's continuing political strife. According to a report by Amnesty International, an organization that keeps track of political repression around the world, there have been some 5,000 political murders in Guatemala since Lucas García became President in 1978. No precise statistical breakdown is available, but most outside observers agree that the right is responsible for the overwhelming majority of the killings. Much of the violence is the work of government security units, which are waging an all-out campaign to crush the small but growing leftist guerrilla movement. In addition, paramilitary rightist groups like the Secret Anti-Communist Army (E.S.A.) appear to do their murderous work with the tacit cooperation of the government. Amnesty International traces the headquarters for most of the right's secret operations to the Presidential Guard Annex of the National Palace.



**Father Stanley Rother**

*"A real low-key type, just doing his job."*

**President Lucas García**

*All potential opposition voices are silenced.*

While the leftist groups can be just as ruthless as the right, they kill fewer people and choose their targets more selectively. The rightists, on the other hand, are likely to gun down anyone they consider ideologically "suspicious," including priests, teachers, students, journalists, labor leaders and liberal politicians.

As a result of these brutal tactics, all potential opposition voices to President Lucas García have been silenced, and political pluralism is dead. Though García cannot legally succeed himself in next March's presidential election, there is little doubt that a like-minded rightist, such as General Aníbal Guevara Rodríguez, the Defense Minister, will move into the palace in Guatemala City.

Despite this record of violence and political repression, the Reagan Administration has been seeking ways of improving ties with Guatemala and resuming the military support that had been cut off because of Jimmy Carter's human rights policies. As Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Stephen Bosworth put it, "The Administration is convinced of the need to try a new constructive policy approach to Guatemala. The policies of the past clearly failed."

Yet Guatemala confronts the Reagan Administration with one of its toughest foreign policy challenges: on one hand, the country is viewed as a victim of Cuban-sponsored insurgency, needing U.S. support; on the other, the government obviously violates human rights.

To try to bridge this gap, Ambassador-at-Large Vernon Walters visited Guatemala City last May. Walters reportedly held out the promise of increased military support, while indicating that the Administration hoped the government would restrict its terrorism. For Guatemala, the new policy has already paid off. In June Washington lifted the export ban on military Jeeps and trucks.

But President Lucas García has not held up his end of the implicit deal. TIME has learned that the Presidential Palace sent out specific orders to curb the killing during Walters' visit in order to improve Guatemala's bargaining position. After Walters' departure, the death rate rose to a new high and is now averaging roughly 400 a month.

The success of Washington's "quiet diplomacy" approach may now be further jeopardized by the Rother incident. Describing Rother as "a good and dedicated man," the State Department last week denounced "such senseless and wasteful violence" and called on the Guatemalan government for a full investigation. Said one Administration official, with more than a touch of bureaucratic understatement: "There will be a problem if the government was somehow culpable." ■

Terrorists on training maneuvers in Basque region of northern Spain

Mayor Xabin Olaizola and the industrial town of Renteria

## World

SPAIN

# Terrorists from the Mountains

*Basque guerrillas fight on—and threaten Spain's democracy*

In a small, mountainous corner of northern Spain, the movement still smolders. Its active members are few: about 300 at most, with another 30 or so leaders in sanctuary across the Pyrenees in France. The organization's wildly unrealistic goal of achieving independence is losing support among a once sympathetic populace. Yet, paradoxically, even as its powers seem to wane, the group remains an ominous threat. The Basque terrorists who form the *Euzkadi ta Askatasuna* (Basque Homeland and Liberty), or ETA, still have the potential to cause the overthrow of Spain's fragile, 31-month-old democracy.

Since it turned to violence in 1968, the ETA has used assassination first to fight the dictatorship of Francisco Franco, then to provoke democratic Spanish authorities into retaliating bloodily and repressing liberties in three of Spain's Basque provinces *(see map)*. The terrorists' plan: to build popular resentment of far-off Madrid and to increase separatist yearnings among the historically disaffected Basques. In the past 13 years the ETA has killed more than 350 victims, carefully choosing as its targets police, army and political figures. One was Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, the man Franco had hand-picked as his successor. In 1973 Carrero Blanco and his automobile were blown four stories high in Madrid by an exploding land mine, a spectacular event that led to a popular folk song in Basque country with a refrain that begins, "Whoops, he goes . . ."

As Spain turned toward democracy following Franco's death in 1975, the terrorists calculated that their acts would goad the military into a right-wing coup, thereby buttressing ETA's claim that peaceful reform was impossible. The number of terrorist killings rose dramatically. And, indeed, on Feb. 23, rebellious members of the Spanish Guardia Civil took over the country's parliament and held it for 18 hours. The insurgents were backed by high-ranking army officers and had the support of shadowy right-wing financiers. The main demand of the rebels: more freedom to combat Basque terrorism.

Since the failed coup attempt, Spanish civilian politicians, led by Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo, have moved far more cautiously in liberalizing one of Western Europe's most monolithic and centralized governments, and Madrid has thrown the national police into a straightforward drive against the terrorists with a good deal of success. So far this year ETA killings are down to 28, about half the 1980 rate. Last week the government announced the arrest of seven alleged ETA members in Vizcaya province and the seizure of substantial quantities of arms and ammunition. In an attempt to rebuild its popularity, the beleaguered ETA is now adopting the protest tactics of the Irish Republican Army: a group of 14 ETA prisoners last week launched a hunger strike.

The Spanish government also hoped that President François Mitterrand's new Socialist government would track down and extradite ETA terrorists taking refuge on French soil. Previous French governments were reluctant to cooperate, fearing that some of the people requested by the Spanish might be political dissidents, not terrorists. Last week French officials continued to be wary. Gaston Defferre, the Interior Minister, has gone so far as to declare that the war against the ETA in Spain is "political." Despite continuing pressure from Madrid, the French have still not agreed to the extradition proposal.

Conservative, overwhelmingly middle class and devoutly Catholic though they are, Spain's 2.7 million Basques (out of a total population of 37 million) have always posed a problem for the country's rulers. The Basque language (spoken only by about 20% of the region's people) is unique. The Basques have always resented government from afar, a tradition that goes as far back as the 8th century, when they did not submit to the Moorish invasion that conquered most of Spain.

The Basques were among the fiercest fighters against Franco during the Spanish Civil War, so enraging the dictator that he subsequently levied special punishments against the northern provinces, including the removal of their long-cherished political autonomy. In a sense, the Basque problem, with its overlays of terrorism, bloodshed and mistrust, is the most enduring and dangerous legacy of that ugly fratricidal period.

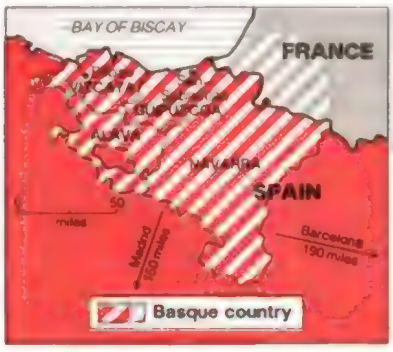
Despite the oppression of Madrid, the Basques have flourished economically. Although stereotyped as dark-bereted shepherds who perfected the stunningly fast game of jai alai, they are in fact among Spain's successful businessmen. The dingy but bustling Basque industrial center of Bilbao (pop. about 450,000) is heavily oriented toward steelmaking and shipbuilding. The three Basque provinces are among the richest in Spain on a per capita basis.

The ETA itself has middle-class social origins. It began in the 1950s as a college study group examining the effects of Spanish domination. ETA originally was nonviolent, but during the tumultuous '60s the organization became radicalized, began robbing banks to finance its operations and for a time espoused a cloudy blend of nationalism and Marxism. The organization's violent phase began in 1968 after a member of the Guardia Civil shot an ETA member who refused to stop at a roadblock. In retaliation ETA assassinated a hated police chief, and the deadly cycle began.

In 1979, after a decade of bloodshed, Madrid tried to buy peace by granting amnesty to many ETA prisoners and giving

"ETA guarantees that we can keep fighting for our rights"

Two policemen survived last month after a booby-trapped car exploded near Bilbao




the Basques a good deal of independence. The autonomy law, which did not actually go into effect until last year, established a regional parliament in the provinces with limited power over local administration, social services and commercial regulation, plus the promise of eventual control over a Basque police force.

The reforms have undercut a great deal of ETA's backing, particularly from the middle class, which is weary of the terrorist tactics. There is a grudging recognition, even among the most anti-Castilian of nonterrorist Basques, that conditions have improved decisively. Says Angel Amigo, a young writer and film maker who joined ETA in 1972, aided in a terrorist kidnaping, was captured, tortured and subsequently released: "There has been a change in the scale of values among the young since Franco's day. Under repression, all life turned on politics. War was heroism, but all that is over now. Now there is political choice. It is possible to be constructive. But if they censor my writing or ban my films, I will have no alternative but to return to arms."

A growing number of Basque businessmen are taking the courageous step of refusing to pay ETA-imposed revolutionary "taxes"—extortion payments that have long been a source of millions of dollars in terrorist revenue. Typically, an industrialist would be "invited" by ETA to visit the adjoining Basque regions of France, where levies would be collected. In the past, businessmen who did not cooperate were "kidnaped" or "kneecapped" (shot in the legs). Others fled the region. Recently, however, one industrialist refused to pay up and merely sent the extortion note to the moderate Basque Nationalist Party, which controls the regional parliament. He has heard nothing since from the ETA.

As the middle class has moved away from the ETA, and Basques in general have wearied of the struggle, the terrorists have come to draw most of their support—and recruits—from the dismal industrial suburbs that dot the narrow Basque mountain valleys some 20 to 25 miles inland. One such is Rentería (pop. 18,000), which adjoins the old Spanish summer royal residence of San Sebastián. A river running through town has the sickly sweet stench of dumped industrial wastes. A pall of chemical smoke from paper, plastics and cement factories hangs over the area on all but the windiest days. The town has a medieval center with a church and central square; the impression is of a dying 19th century industrial civilization suffocating an even older culture. Says a Basque journalist: "The young get fed up with the fact they have no hope in the lousy city where they live, so they decide to *tira al monte*—take to the mountains and go with ETA."

Residents of Rentería speak often of a raid in 1976 when scores of police, searching for terrorists, smashed shop windows, urinated in elevators and looted stores. Says the mayor of Rentería, Xabin Olaizola: "ETA will not disappear until there are profound guarantees of rights for the Basque people. It is better to take the gamble of having ETA. It is the guarantee that we can keep fighting for our rights."

If there is one force that still unites the Basques, it is a hatred of the Guardia Civil, a paramilitary group, and the national police, who are still regarded as members of an occupying army. Indeed, not a single member of the police force in the region speaks the Basque language.

Stories of torture and casual brutality by police in the Basque country are endless. Xavier Arzallus, head of the moderate Basque Nationalist Party, cites the case of one of his party members whose home was raided by the Guardia Civil. The man was taken into the hills, threatened with a machine gun, then jailed for three days without food, water or sleep, while being tortured. Says Arzallus: "He is so frightened he refuses to bring charges." Another man, who did complain after Guardia Civil members ransacked his apartment building in a futile search for dynamite, claimed that the invaders had broken nine doors in the complex. The day after his complaint, the guards returned and broke 20 more doors.

Madrid's refusal to reform the police in the Basque country can only deepen the sense of alienation. Indeed, some conspiratorially minded Basques already believe that the ETA terrorists and the Spanish police have developed an almost symbiotic relationship, each helping the other to hold back the further progress of democracy in Spain. Says Arzallus: "I am convinced that some sectors in Madrid find ETA's existence convenient."

From time to time, frustrated Spaniards have wondered about a possible Soviet hand behind ETA. In May, Prime Minister Calvo-Sotelo spoke vaguely of the "international" dimensions of the terrorist problem. But he has not repeated that statement. The question asked more frequently by moderate politicians in Madrid is why ETA keeps trying to provoke a right-wing coup that would take back everything the Basques have gained since Franco's death. Answers a Basque nationalist in exile in France: "It would only demonstrate what they already believe, that Spain is basically fascist, that they were right all along to continue fighting and that they have the people with them."

The truth is very different. Says a former group member: "ETA is carried along by its own weight. They cannot give up the armed struggle because the families who have lost sons would feel their heroes had been betrayed." As they try to find a future, the Basque terrorists are governed by the past. —*By George Russell. Reported by Lawrence Malkin/Bilbao*

# The Boys of Summer Return

*In the bottom of the ninth, the players' strike is settled*

If ever there was a propitious time for the baseball strike to end, it was surely last week. The team owners' $50 million in strike-insurance payments from Lloyd's of London was due to run out by the end of this week. For the season to amount to anything at all, each team would have to play at least 100 games, and that meant starting up the action by mid-August at the latest. Moreover, professional football was thundering into its exhibition season, giving sports-hungry fans an alternative—perhaps a permanent one—to the national pastime. Sure enough, at 5:45 last Friday morning, after a fierce 16-hour bargaining session, Federal Mediator Kenneth Moffett appeared before reporters in Manhattan and wearily announced the result: "It's over." Nodded an equally drawn, but clearly pleased, Marvin Miller, head of the Players Association: "It's a new day. We have indeed reached an agreement." Summed up Ray Grebey, the owners' representative: "It was a victory for nobody, a loss for nobody. It was a good collective-bargaining agreement for everybody."

For baseball addicts around the nation, it was the first good news since box scores disappeared from the sports pages. The walkout was the third,* and by far the most devastating, in the sport's history. It lasted 50 days and forced the cancellation of 713 games. The players lost an estimated $28 million in salaries. Even after collecting $44 million in insurance benefits, the owners stood to lose some $72 million—although their $15 million strike fund, collected from a percentage of gate receipts, should ease the sting. Within hours of the settlement, team managers and officials were manning telephones, waking up players and telling them to report for workouts right away. By Saturday afternoon, ballparks across the country were alive with the blessed whack of hardwood hitting horsehide. The first ball of the second summer of 1981 will be thrown out this Sunday at the All-Star Game in Cleveland. The next day, regular play resumes. The owners will decide this week whether to split the season in two and hold an extra round of playoffs before the World Series; a deft, some might say cynical, play to get a bit of their money back. Under this plan, the division leaders on June 11 (the New York Yankees, Oakland A's, Philadelphia Phillies and Los Angeles Dodgers) would be guaranteed spots in the playoffs, something the teams never dreamed of as they played the last games of the first "season." So would the winners of the division races from Aug. 10 through Oct. 4.

**The Reds' Tom Seaver stretching at a hastily planned practice only hours after the agreement**

*Manning telephones, waking players and telling them to report for workouts right away.*

The pivotal issue in the settlement was the same one that has been troubling baseball for the past five years: Just what sort of compensation should an owner get when one of his players becomes a free agent and then signs with another team? Under the new agreement, the best free agents will be ranked in two groups, according to past performance. The top 20% will be designated as Type A players, the next 10% as Type B. If a club signs a Type A free agent, it must place all but 24 of its players in the compensation pool. When a team loses a Type A free agent, it not only receives an extra amateur draft choice but is allowed to dip into the compensation pool for a seasoned regular—not necessarily from the free agent's new team. When a club loses one of its pool players in a compensation deal, it is paid $150,000 by the player's new team. When a Type B free agent is purchased by another club, his original team will be allowed two additional amateur draft choices. At any given time, up to five clubs can exempt themselves from the compensation pool by agreeing not to bid on Type A free agents for three years.

The overall settlement bears the players' cleat marks. The compensation formula will seemingly have little effect on the owners' bidding wars, so the players should be able to maintain their bargaining power as free agents. Even so, they are slightly worse off than they were when the walkout began. Said Rusty Staub of the New York Mets: "It was a take-away strike. The players had nothing to win."

They did, however, defeat the owners on an important issue that arose out of the strike: whether the days lost would be considered time spent on the roster. According to the settlement, the down time will count toward the six seasons a player needs in the majors before he can qualify as a free agent. The issue is important to a player like Yankee Pitcher Ron Guidry, 30, who, at the start of the 1981 season, needed 168 days of service before he could offer his talents on the open market.

Baseball's off-field problems began heating up in 1975, when an arbitrator, backed by an appeals court judge, threw out the then 86-year-old reserve clause that bound a player to his club until he was either traded or retired from the game. In the most recent round of negotiations, the owners were determined to increase the compensation for lost free agents. Their former arrangement with the players simply called for the team that signed a free agent to give up one of its amateur draft choices to the player's old team. Unconcerned about losing amateurs—few of whom make it to the majors—the owners went on a free-agent binge. Over four years, beginning in 1976, average player salaries rose from $52,300 to $143,756. Now even middling free agents command $300,000 a year. The owners' frenzied bidding hit a peak last year when the Yankees signed Dave Winfield, a .279 career hitter for the San Diego Padres, for a cool $23 million over ten years. The lords of

*Earlier strikes occurred in 1972, when the players canceled the first 13 days of the regular season, and last year, when a walkout caused the cancellation of eight exhibition games

baseball obviously needed something to protect them from themselves. They demanded that a team be able to protect just 15 to 18 of its players—little more than its starting line-up and pitching rotation—with the rest of its roster going into a compensation pool. Convinced that the rule would limit their salaries, bargaining power and ultimately their freedom, the players voted to strike.

During much of the walkout, some teams, notably the Minnesota Twins and the Atlanta Braves, did better financially—thanks to reduced costs and strike insurance—than they would have under normal circumstances. But as the time dragged on and losses began to mount, a number of "moderate" owners, including the Baltimore Orioles' Edward Bennett Williams, the Yankees' George Steinbrenner and Eddie Chiles of the Texas Rangers, pressed Grebey to reach a settlement. The agreement, which must be ratified by both owners and players this week, extends through 1984. Says Williams: "We now have three years of labor peace in which we can prepare for the future."

With only ten days to get ready for the second-season opener, hitters may have a slight edge over pitchers, who must be in top physical condition to perform effectively. But the batters are not exactly ready to pound on the poor pitchers. Says Detroit Tigers Leftfielder Steve Kemp: "Hitting is a precision thing. No matter what anybody did during the strike, it's still going to take time to get back and start hitting the ball."

Though owners and players are excited at the prospect of the season getting back on track—"I feel like a rookie again," enthused Bill Robinson of the Pittsburgh Pirates—their elation is tempered by understandable bitterness. Says Orioles Owner Williams: "The strike was unnecessary. It should never have happened. This must never, never, happen again." Expos Pitcher Steve Rogers sums it up: "Anytime you stand toe-to-toe with illogical viewpoints and you try to use logic, there will be frustration, and frustration breeds bitterness."

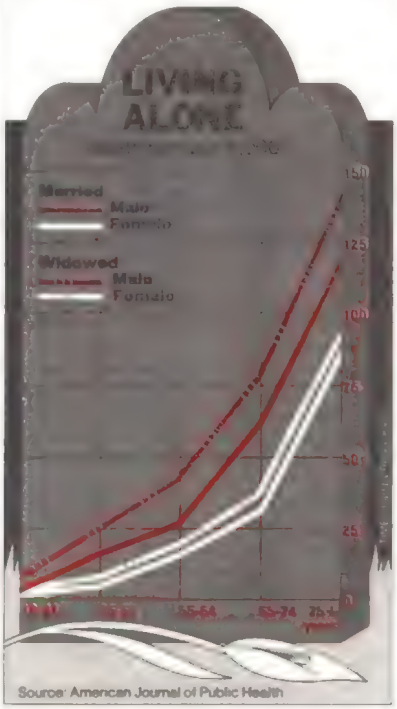
In the end, the settlement produced no winners, only losers. The cities lost—New York City alone an estimated $8.4 million—and so did the teams, players, fans and the game itself. Baseball will probably regain the almost mystical hold on its fans. "They may have a negative reaction during the first few days," says Cleveland Infielder Alan Bannister. "But once baseball gets going again, things will get back to normal." Some fans, however, will not be won over so easily. Says St. Louis Police Officer Jerry Brindell: "The spring fever is gone." Others have sworn off the game forever. "I learned I could live without it," says former Yankee Rooter Carmen Santuzzi, 28. "I'll follow football, basketball, hockey, maybe even soccer, but you'll never catch me paying for a seat in Yankee Stadium again." *—By E. Graydon Carter. Reported by Jamie Murphy/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

# Behavior

## Not So Merry Widowers

*The stresses of survival can be a mortal blow*

Social scientists have long recognized that few traumas are as hard to bear as the death of a spouse. For the survivor, the intense distress can lead to serious psychological and physical ailments. Now, a new study of survivors shows that widowhood dramatically raises the chances of death for some survivors—men. The death of a husband has almost no effect on women's mortality rates.



Source: American Journal of Public Health

The study, published in the current issue of the *American Journal of Public Health*, was conducted by three researchers from the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health. Knud J. Helsing, Moyses Szklo and George W. Comstock followed the lives of 1,204 men and 2,828 women in semi-rural Washington County, Md., who were widowed between 1963 and 1974. With each spouse's death, the survivor was matched with a still married person, cross-referenced for comparison not only by race, sex and age, but also by such factors as years of schooling, age at first marriage, frequency of church attendance, whether the person smoked cigarettes, and the number of bathrooms and number of animals on the premises.

The study's most unexpected finding was negative: there was no evidence that either men or women were significantly more likely to die in the early months after bereavement. "That was the big surprise," Helsing, the principal investigator, told TIME last week. "Our original premise was that the stress of the loss of a spouse would show up in mortality very quickly, and then the person would get over it. Instead, it is the stressful life situation of the widowed that seems to be hard on people." A great deal harder on men than on women, it appears. The overall mortality rate was 26% higher for widowers than for married men, compared with only a 3.8% difference in the rate between widows and married women. For widowers aged 55 to 64, the mortality rate was almost 61% higher than for married men in the same age group.

The researchers do not know why wives are less affected by the loss of a spouse than husbands, except to suggest in their paper that "the same physiologic and psychologic differences that give females greater longevity than males also act to make females more resistant to the stress of widowhood." Says Helsing: "Women may be more adaptable. They may have more of a sense of survivability."

One of the study's most important findings was that remarriage by widowers dramatically lowered their mortality rates. In men under 55 who remarried—and at least half of them did—the death rate was at least 70% lower than for those who did not; in men aged 55 to 64, it was 50% lower. In fact, death rates for widowers who remarried were even lower than for men in the same age groups who were married throughout the period of the study.

One finding was equally devastating for both widowed men and women: a dramatic rise in mortality—by three or four times—if a widowed person moved into a retirement or nursing home because of illness or inability to live with other family members. And there is no consolation in living alone: this too contributes to higher mortality rates. Even allowing for the fact that it may be the less healthy widowed who fail to remarry, the researchers feel it is fair to ask whether it may be marriage—or remarriage—that "provides the care and social support that tends to reduce mortality." If a causal connection between remarriage and reduced mortality can be established, they observe, "changes in Social Security and income tax laws to encourage remarriage of the widowed would be justified as public health measures." ■

# Boom Time in Venture Capital

*Moneymen are risking more cash than ever on daring entrepreneurs*

The most elite club among American financiers is the strong fraternity of some 1,000 people running venture capital firms. These are the investors who typically will give $1 million or more to often untried businessmen to form companies in microelectronics, genetic engineering, robotics or other industries. The field is highly risky; an estimated half of all such initial investments are eventually written off as tax losses. But for winners the payoff can be huge: a $1 million investment might return $100 million.

Venture capitalists prefer to tell tales of their big scores: the $1.5 million stake in Apple Computer in 1978 by Venrock Associates that grew to $100 million or the $25 million investment in 1974 by New Court Securities Corp. and others in Federal Express, the airfreight company, that is currently valued at $1.2 billion.

Buoyed by those and similar recent successes, venture capitalists are investing money ever more rapidly on ever more exotic business proposals. Last year 145 new companies were started with venture capital, 53% more than in 1979. By year's end, according to Stanley Pratt, editor of *Venture Capital Journal*, these companies will have poured a record $1.1 billion into infant businesses. Says Pratt: "This is still a minor blip in the capital structure of this country, but it is a critical amount for the American economy."

Venture capitalists provide much of the seed money for U.S. business. By giving out start-up cash to farsighted entrepreneurs, they can open whole new areas of business enterprise. Venture money has fueled the development of the computer industry through investments in Prime Computer, Cray Research, Tandem and other companies, helped spark airline industry diversification with People Express and Air Florida, and bankrolled infant gene-splicing companies like Genentech and Biogen.

Usually, venture capital firms take a block of stock in exchange for start-up money in a new company. The venture capitalists may own as much as 60% of a firm's outstanding shares, which then often jump in value when the new company goes public.

Sometimes, though, the venture money disappears. Some recent failures: Ruben Engineering Corp., a Cambridge, Mass., office equipment firm that cost its backers $4 million in losses; Ontrax, which went through $1.5 million trying to make computer disc drives; and Environmental Development Corp., which spent at least $1 million in venture capital trying to sell waste-water-treatment services to cities.

The bold moneymen look for entrepreneurs who cannot get funding from bank loans, new stock issues or other conventional sources. They also usually seek out firms in the forefront of a new industry. The odds may be long, but the return can be high. Says Donald Ackerman, 47, senior partner of New York's J.H. Whitney & Co.: "One large winner takes care of a lot of mediocre situations and even an occasional loser. This is not a game for little investors."

It takes tough analysis, savvy business sense and the daring of a high-wire walker to sort out the possible winners from the almost certain losers. Says George Rooks, 45, president of First Capital Corp. of Boston: "In the final analysis, it boils down to educated instinct—call it judgment. What we make is a judgment on the people and the product." For instance, Boston's TA Associates and New York's Inco Securities have raised $3.5 million to start a new company called Immunogen Inc. The firm plans to develop the use of monoclonal antibodies, which are invisible bits of protein that could be used to carry toxins that will specifically attack cancerous and other diseased cells, while leaving healthy ones alone. Although the technique remains unproved, the company looked like a good bet largely because its research staff is headed by a Nobel prizewinner and includes faculty members from Yale, Harvard and M.I.T.

The management of the new company is usually regarded as even more important than the product. Says William Burgin, a partner in New York's Bessemer Venture Partners: "We prefer to invest in people with a track record, or we find a good manager for someone who comes up with a good idea." One such person was Irving Tague, who had been general manager of Hughes Airwest, a West Coast airline. Tague headed a group of executives that founded Chicago's Midway Airlines in 1979. The company, which was launched largely with $6 million in Bessemer venture money, earned more than $3.4 million during this year's second quarter alone.

Venture capitalists generally avoid investments in entertainment, such as Broadway shows, real estate or oil drilling. Says Burgin: "The potential sales have to be in the $100 million range. We can't invest in fads."

The work of these bankrollers does not end with an investment of $1 million or so in start-up money. They must then spend perhaps five to seven years nursing along the company with judicious

management assistance and usually additional money. In 1969 Whitney helped start Storage Technology Corp. of Louisville, Colo., with an investment of $500,000. The company, which makes advanced computer accessories, had troubles for years until Whitney put one of its people on the company's board. Five years ago, Storage Technology's business finally began to grow as expected, and today it has annual sales of $603 million. After the company sold its stock to the public, Whitney's initial investment produced a return of $50 million.

The old oil and steel fortunes of families such as Rockefeller, Whitney and Phipps provided the bulk of the money for the venture capital market until the early 1960s. The Phipps family's fund, Bessemer Venture Partners, was an early investor in International Paper and Ingersoll-Rand. Laurance Rockefeller in 1938 helped start both Eastern Air Lines and Douglas Aircraft. When younger members of the Rockefeller family decided that they wanted a part of the action, a broader risk fund called Venrock was created in 1969. It has since made lucrative investments in both Intel, a successful semiconductor manufacturer, and Apple Computer. One venture that did not work out was Advent Corp., which filed for bankruptcy when its big-screen TV sets did not sell. Admits Managing Partner Peter Crisp, 48: "We have some companies that have lost money, of course, but no really big bloopers."

Throughout the 1960s, however, money from large banks and corporations joined the old family funds. Citicorp, BankAmerica Corp. and other bank holding corporations began to create small business investment companies to fund new ventures. Lured by the potential profits, large corporations, including Exxon, General Electric and Texaco, also started setting up venture capital subsidiaries. In addition, pension funds, insurance companies and universities with large endowment funds began looking for new companies as a way of earning a higher return on their pools of cash. Big banks, corporations and other institutions now provide 83% of all the grub stakes for new firms. The venture capital firms owned by families still seek out the riskier start-ups, while major companies and banks frequently provide money for the second or third round of financing.

The current boom in venture capital is in sharp contrast with the situation in the early 1970s. At that time, a plunging stock market, the failure of scores of high-technology companies and federal tax increases on capital gains almost dried up the venture capital market. The money faucets again began to open up three years later with the passage of a new tax bill that lowered the rate on capital gains from a maximum of 49% to 28%. The amount of fresh capital immediately jumped from $39 million in 1977 to $570 million in 1978.

The flood of new money and the well-

## Making Pizza Dough

Venture capitalists routinely come across way-out investment proposals. But few have sounded wackier, yet paid off more handsomely, than Pizza Time Theater Inc. of Sunnyvale, Calif. The company operates a rapidly growing, 50-restaurant chain of fast-food pizza parlors in which food is almost the least of the attractions.

The real action is in the roomfuls of coin-operated electronic games designed to divert, amuse and swallow the quarters of customers waiting for their pizzas to cook. Even more entertainment is provided, free of charge, by troupes of singing, talking, joke-telling robots dressed up to resemble Muppet-like characters.

Pizza Time Theater Inc. is the creation of Nolan Bushnell, 38, a microelectronics expert. In 1972 Bushnell founded the successful Atari electronic games company with a $500 initial investment. Four years later, he sold out to Warner Communications, ending up with $15 million in cash and debentures, and took the post of chairman of his company, which became a new Warner subsidiary. Since then, Atari has broadened from electronic games to personal computers. Bushnell had been working on the Pizza Time concept at Atari; but before the first of the computerized robots, a wisecracking rat named Chuck E. Cheese, emerged from the lab, the company had been bought by Warner Communications.

JOHN MCDERMOTT

Bushnell and Chuck E. Cheese

Though Warner's management permitted Bushnell to open an initial Pizza Time Theater restaurant in San Jose in 1977, the parent company never saw much future in the idea. In 1978 Bushnell resigned his chairmanship, put up $500,000 to buy back the Pizza Time concept from his old employer, and went into business for himself.

By the fall of 1979, Bushnell had plowed $1.8 million more of his personal wealth into Pizza Time Theater Inc. and had opened four more outlets on the West Coast. But to expand further he needed more money. Bushnell therefore turned to venture capitalists for backing. Says Wallace Davis, 63, whose venture capital firm, Mayfield Fund, invested $750,000 in the company: "I'm not a game player or a big pizza eater. But I was impressed observing the customers at Pizza Time restaurants. People really seemed to enjoy themselves there." Another attraction for investors was Bushnell's good business record at Atari.

In January 1980 several venture capitalists put up $2.5 million in return for 669,333 shares of Pizza Time stock at $3.75 per share. Ten months later, investors bought an additional 572,941 shares at $5.25. In April of this year, a syndicate of securities underwriters sold 1.17 million shares to the general public at $15 per share, or nearly triple what the venture capitalists had paid less than six months earlier. And the stock has climbed higher still. Last week Pizza Time Theater was selling for $23.25 per share, or more than six times what the stock was worth 18 months earlier, when the first venturesome capitalists bought a slice of the Pizza Time action.

known success stories have created intense competition to find and fund new ventures. "Five years ago, we could take a month to study a company," says Bert McMurtry of California's Technology Venture Investors. "Now we have to be prepared to do the work in a couple of weeks." No longer can a financier sit in his office and wait for businessmen to come to him. Some regularly stroll around new industrial parks and poke their heads through doors to look for companies that have barely had time to hang out a sign.

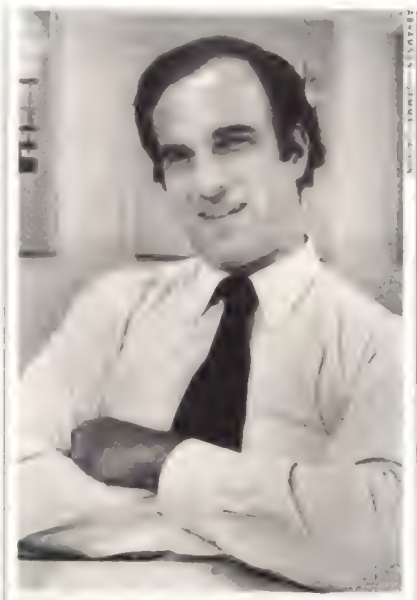
Nowhere is the venture capital pace faster than in Santa Clara County, Calif., where genetic-engineering firms are growing up alongside already successful semiconductor manufacturers. The area once known as Silicon Valley has now been dubbed Silicone Valley. Over the past ten years 28% of all U.S. companies that received venture capital financing were based in California.

Savvy Investors Kleiner, Perkins, Caufield and Byers . . .

Sutter Hill Ventures, a Palo Alto fund with investments in 50 companies, measures the health of its business by the daily mail. Between 1973 and 1978, it received about 250 financing proposals each year. This year it expects to receive 400. The quality of applications is improving too. Says Sutter Hill Partner G. Leonard Baker Jr.: "During the slack times, we were seeing people with very few alternatives for finding new money. Now we're seeing an explosion of entrepreneurs."

One of the most successful venture capital firms in California is Kleiner, Perkins, Caufield & Byers of San Francisco. This is neither an old wealthy family firm nor a subsidiary of a major corporation. The company is rather using the gilded reputation of past successes to raise large new pools of money for fresh investments. Started in 1972 by Eugene Kleiner, one of the founders of Fairchild Semiconductor, and Tom Perkins, a former Hewlett-Packard executive, the company has seen its initial investment fund grow from $8 million in 1972 to almost $300 million today.

Kleiner, Perkins closely studies an infant company's prospects and then carefully nurtures it during the early years. In 1973 Jim Treybig, one of the partners, began to work on an idea for a new computer that would eliminate many common computer breakdowns. Last year Tandem Computers, with Treybig as president and Tom Perkins as chairman of the board, rolled up sales of $109 million. The $1.5 million investment by Kleiner, Perkins is now worth $220 million. The company also struck gold last year when Genentech Inc. went public. Genentech was founded by Robert Swanson, another former partner, and Biologist Herbert Boyer. Today, Swanson is the president of Genentech, while Perkins is the chairman. The initial $200,000 put into the firm has swelled into stock worth $40 million.



William Burgin

The masters of venture money, however, must be patient. Since 1972, Kleiner, Perkins has been bankrolling Andros Inc., a small company that hopes to market an artificial heart. So far, the young firm has shown no profit.

The long development time and the potential for failure help explain why venture capital funds have had little appeal for small investors. Although the public can buy about two dozen venture capital mutual funds, these have not been popular. Says industry expert Stanley Pratt: "People should not expect these new companies to grow like weeds. It will take a long time for an investment to mature." Pratt advises the small investor who is interested in such firms to buy their shares after the new companies make their first public offering.

All the new investment activity has made it much easier for clever entrepreneurs to raise money. Several months ago, two West Coast venture capital companies were ready to put up $3.5 million in exchange for a 60% stake in a new firm specializing in X-ray photo lithography, which is used in semiconductor manufacturing. Then a third company heard rumors of the impending deal, made a hurried study and offered the firm $7.5 million for only a 50% interest. It was eagerly accepted. Amgen, a genetic-engineering company founded by a molecular biology professor from U.C.L.A. and a vice president from Abbott Laboratories near Chicago, raised an astonishing $19 million earlier this year. That was the third largest amount ever given to a venture firm.

Although the initial risk and rewards of venture capital belong mostly to the small select club of moneymen, the eventual winner will be the entire U.S. economy. The innovative companies that venture capitalists find and then foster will manufacture new products, provide jobs and increase productivity in the industries of the 21st century. Today's start-ups, which have names like Hybritech, Thermo Electron and Collasen, may some day join Eastern Air Lines, McDonnell Douglas and Apple Computer as the success stories of venture capital. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

Peter Crisp

*"One large winner takes care of an occasional loser."*

# Battling Brewer

## *Heileman takes over Schlitz*

After two days of grueling strategy sessions last month, the year's "top gunner" received a violin case containing a Thompson submachine gun. A meeting of Mafia dons? No, it was just the annual sales convention of the G. Heileman Brewing Co. in La Crosse, Wis. The violin case was given to dramatize Chairman Russell G. Cleary's philosophy: "The beer business is a war."

Casualties from that conflict are many. In the past 30 years, the number of U.S. breweries has shrunk from 380 to 42. But Heileman (1980 sales: $722 million), once only a small Midwest brewer, has become one of the leaders of the American beer industry. During the past five years, Heileman's annual production has jumped from 4.5 million bbl. to 13.3 million bbl. The company last week scored another major coup, by taking over Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, the fourth largest brewer in the U.S. If the deal is approved by Schlitz stockholders, Heileman will become America's No. 3 brewer by fall, behind Anheuser-Busch (1980 sales: $3.3 billion) and Miller Brewing Co. ($2.5 billion).

As recently as 1976, Schlitz was the second biggest brewer (following Anheuser-Busch). But its sales started sinking after 1976, in part because the company switched to a cheaper brewing process for its beer, substituting corn syrup for some barley malt. Many traditional Schlitz drinkers complained that the new beer tasted poor and switched to other brands. Though the company has since restored the slower, more careful method of brewing, sales in barrels in 1980 were still about 40% below the 1976 peak. The ultimate indignity came last week, when Schlitz announced that it is permanently closing its Milwaukee brewery because of excess production capacity. "The beer that made Milwaukee famous" will no longer be brewed there.

While Anheuser-Busch, Miller and other leading brewers have been using expensive national campaigns to reach the whole U.S. market, Heileman has gone countertrend and built up a network of regional breweries. Among its 30 labels: Old Style and Blatz in the Midwest; Rainier in the Pacific Northwest; and Carling Black Label and National Bohemian in the East. In addition to being favorites of beer-can collectors, the brews attract a large and loyal audience of people who prefer to drink a local product.

Heileman's brands also sell at competitive prices, even when the national labels engage in cutthroat discounting. The company keeps costs low in part by holding down its advertising budgets. Unlike its bigger rivals, Heileman's ads do not feature entertainers or sports stars. Says Cleary: "We make the beer the hero." Heileman ads emphasize the quality of the beer and sometimes include taste tests with famous brands.

Cleary, a Wisconsin native and a lawyer by training, enjoys his role as the little guy in a battle with giants. He set on his strategy of buying up local breweries when he became president in 1971, not long after Philip Morris Inc. bought Miller Brewing and began an aggressive assault on Anheuser-Busch. Cleary concluded that regional beer firms, like Heileman, had to grow quickly or be wiped out by the two major companies. Says he: "The problem is that you can get locked into one piece of geography, and if the big guys get into a fight, they're going to spill all the blood on your ground."

Cleary started first in the Midwest, buying Grain Belt beer in Minnesota, and Sterling and Drewrys beers in Indiana. In 1977 he moved across the Rockies to acquire Rainier in Washington State. Then in 1979 he picked up Carling National, a leading East Coast brewer. Since Schlitz has a wide following in the South and in California, Heileman has now established a nationwide chain of regional brands.

Moreover, Cleary has shown that his beers are able to hold their own in the war against giants Anheuser-Busch and Miller. In 1973 Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch's Budweiser each had 20% of the prime Chicago market, while Heileman's Old Style captured only 10% of sales. Old Style in 1980 outsold Budweiser, Schlitz, Pabst Blue Ribbon and Miller High Life combined. ■

WILLIAM J. LIZDAS

**Beer Baron Russell Cleary in his Wisconsin headquarters**

*The top salesman won a Thompson submachine gun.*

# Unveiling Boeing's New Baby

One reason the Boeing Co. is the world's leading commercial aircraft manufacturer is its knack for coming out with the right planes at the right time. The Seattle aerospace firm is now about to present the first of two jetliners that are designed to keep that reputation. These are the planes for the energy-efficient 1980s. The Boeing 767 twinjet, which will be unveiled this week, will be the most economical plane of its kind ever flown.

With a full passenger load, a 767 can fly each of its 211 passengers 1,150 miles at a fuel-consumption rate equivalent to 69.9 m.p.g. By comparison, a 727-200 with 143 seats gets only 50 passenger-miles per gallon. The 767 also has new aerodynamic engineering, new engines and a state-of-the-art computerized flight control system. The aircraft, which has a range of up to 3,200 miles, is expected to be used on routes like Chicago–New York and Boston-Miami. The slightly smaller 757, which is designed for shorter routes, seats 178 people and has a range of 2,500 miles. It will probably be introduced in January 1982.

So far, Boeing has invested more than $3 billion in bringing the two aircraft to market. The company estimates the total potential market for the 767, which can cost up to $43.5 million a plane, to be as many as 1,500 aircraft by the 1990s. For the 757, the company is shooting at a target of perhaps as many as 1,200 planes during the same period. If the company comes anywhere near those goals, Boeing's dominance of the world aircraft industry will remain intact.

**The first 767 in the assembly hangar**

# Proposing a 2% Solution

*The House of Representatives last week voted to maintain the $122-per-month minimum level for Social Security benefits, but that action will certainly not end the controversy surrounding the troubled program. Harvard's Martin Feldstein, a member of* TIME's *Board of Economists, looks at the problems of Social Security and some proposed solutions:*

Political leaders are at last beginning to recognize that Social Security has major financial problems that can be solved only by slowing the growth of benefits. The Social Security Administration's own actuaries predict that the retirement fund will be out of money by 1984. Fancy financial footwork can avert bankruptcy that year, but the program's long-term problems cannot be avoided.

When the postwar baby-boom generation retires, there will be more than 50 retirees for every 100 people at work. Today there are fewer than 35. This 50% increase in the relative number of retirees will require a 50% increase in the payroll tax rate unless the benefit rules are changed. The rapid future growth of benefits will eventually require payroll tax rates of more than 20% and perhaps even higher than 30%. Adding such a payroll tax to federal and state income taxes would mean that most American families would face tax rates of more than 50%.

The only solution to the long-term problem is slowing the growth of benefits. One proposal is to gradually postpone from 65 to 68 years the age at which an individual can retire with full benefits. The resulting savings, however, would still be only a fraction of what is needed. A more direct approach to slowing the growth of benefits is also needed.

The basic reason for Social Security's immediate problems is that benefits have been growing extremely fast. Between 1970 and 1980, the average retiree benefit rose by 30% more than the increase in the price level. In contrast, the average earnings of American employees actually fell 10% behind the increase in prices. Thus, Social Security payments rose an astounding 40% relative to the earnings of the employees whose taxes pay for these benefits.

Nevertheless, the *level* of assistance should not be cut. The promise of Social Security benefits should be like money in the bank. The appropriate solution to the problem is a gradual slowing of the *growth* of grants for current and future retirees.

I favor the following plan. Starting in 1982, retirees' benefits would grow each year by the price rise in excess of 2%, instead of by the entire price rise as they do under current law. Thus, if inflation raises the price level by 8%, retirees' benefits would increase by 6%. Under no circumstances would the benefits for retirees be cut. For example, a retired couple that now receives $700 a month from Social Security would see its benefits rise to $756 next year, if the inflation rate is 8%. With a 2% floor, benefits would instead rise to $742.

Placing a 2% floor under Social Security's benefit increases would obviously not cause a sudden change in anyone's life-style. But by 1985 it would permit a $15 billion reduction in the taxes required to pay for Social Security benefits. By 1992 payroll tax rates would be one-fifth lower than under current law. The rising number of baby-boom retirees could then receive their benefits without substantial further increases in the tax rates.

Colorado coyote with the remains of its prey

# Call of the Wild

*Ranchers name their poison*

A mortal enemy of the $70 billion American livestock business is the wild coyote. Ranchers claim that last year alone predators—mostly coyotes—marauding from Montana to Texas devoured stray livestock worth $200 million. They have tried fencing off their land, trapping the animals and even shooting them from low-flying airplanes. But ranchers argue these methods always proved unrealistic, inefficient or too expensive. The most effective means of controlling the predators was to scatter animal carcasses laced with a strong poison across pastureland.

For decades, the most widely used poison was a chemical known as Compound 1080. In 1972, however, the Environmental Protection Agency prohibited its use on the grounds that the chemical was not only decimating the coyote population but also destroying untold numbers of dogs, foxes, birds and other animals that happened to eat the tainted meat. Livestock herders, who expect that the Reagan Administration may be less concerned about those environmental considerations than its predecessors, are now asking the EPA to reverse the ban on Compound 1080.

Last week the ranchers loudly argued their case at EPA hearings in Denver and outside Washington, D.C. Said Donald Meike, board chairman of the National Wool Growers Association: "Every method of counting shows an increased loss of sheep." But John Grandy IV, executive vice president of Defenders of Wildlife, contended: "Returning to 1080 would bring back the specter of mass, nonselective killing of animals."

Although the amount of money involved is not astronomical, both environmentalists and businessmen are closely watching the case for an early sign of Administration policy. Reagan officials have been promising that the new Washington rule makers will consider both the costs and benefits of regulations in deciding issues like the outlawing of Compound 1080. The battle concerning a coyote poison is thus turning into a conflict between businessmen and environmentalists over the role of Government regulation. ■

# Here the lowest.
# There the lowest.
# Everywhere the lowest.
# Who's really the lowest?

*All these different brands of cigarettes, each claiming to be the lowest in tar.*

*Just who are you supposed to believe?*

*Well, we say, why should a tar-conscious smoker have to put up with this kind of confusion?*

*Why should you have to do research in order to find out if you can trust the "lowest" tar claims of your cigarette?*

*So we've done the research for you. We've assembled the tar level numbers of all the leading cigarettes that say they're the lowest.*

*And the results are right here in the chart below – which can light up the situation before you light up another cigarette.*

*See for yourself what's what. (And what isn't.)*

*Numbers don't lie.*

*And they prove there's only one Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand – Now.*

Box

Box 100s

**NUMBERS DON'T LIE.**
**NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE,**
**IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.**

| | 80's | 85's | 100's | 100's |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| NOW | Less than 0.01mg | 1mg | Less than 0.01mg | 2mg |
| CARLTON | Less than 0.01mg | 1mg* | 1mg | 5mg |
| CAMBRIDGE | Less than 0.1mg | 1mg | — | 4mg |
| BARCLAY | 1mg | 1mg | — | 3mg |

# NOW
# The Lowest
**The lowest in tar of all brands.**

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

## Living

COVER STORY

# They All Scream for It

*Fresh fruit and fantasy now turn butterfat into delicious sin*

What you must understand at the outset is that Ben & Jerry's, in Burlington, Vt., makes the best ice cream in the world. That Mayfield's, in Athens, Tenn., is the world's best ice cream. That the absolute best ice cream in the universe, without argument (although the partisans who urge these passionate and contradictory views are happy to argue all night), is stirred and cranked and lovingly scooped by Lickety Split in Denver, by Bob's Famous in Washington, D.C., or by Gelato in San Francisco. Nonsense, says a newcomer to the discussion, which started as a modest watercooler filibuster and has quickly become an anarchic mob scene.

If you believe such claims it is because—you poor, butterfat-starved, crushed-strawberry- and fresh-peach- and Oreo-mint-deficient ignoramous—you have never laid tongue to a rich, chewy, almost dripping sugar-cone full of sinfully delightful ice cream made by the enchanted trolls of Robert's in Southampton, N.Y.

Never mind gin and tonic—well, perhaps a short one—and forget the return of baseball's prodigal sons. We are dealing here with primal matters, with a current in the national psyche far deeper and more powerful than our tropism toward corn on the cob and Japanese cars. Ice cream is our drug of choice, and butterfat—the word itself is dizzyingly lovely and globulous—is the occasion of our guiltiest and most delicious sin. Fourteen percent butterfat. Eighteen percent. Four hundred percent butterfat, some dreamer with glazed-over eyes says and actually seems to believe. The great underground truth of our society—a republic in which three-fourths of the males and every female over the age of nine are chained to the Scarsdale Diet, the Beverly Hills Diet, or perhaps by now a starvation routine concocted in some other overfed suburb whose inhabitants are rumored to be of ectoplasmic skinniness—is that more and more of us are now strung out on heavy cream, egg yolks, pure vanilla and—yes, oh yes—hot fudge topping with whipped cream, jimmies and walnuts.

On a rainy Saturday night in darkest Somerville, Mass.—a time and place suitable for filming the maiden-munching scene of a monster flick—a long line of wet people huddle under the blue-and-white awnings of Steve's. Another 50 sodden citizens wait inside. They are lining up to buy ice cream—carob, perhaps, or banana coffee, since a temporary shortage of fine cinnamon has made the obvious first choice of chocolate-cinnamon-raisin unavailable—at a cost of $1.60 for a large scoop with one mix-in, or $2 for a large scoop with three mix-ins. A mix-in, for those who have not yet followed aerobic eating into its postmodern era, may be butterscotch chips and walnuts, pulverized Reese's peanut butter cups, crushed Oreos, M & Ms or—in some temples of asceticism—granola. Mix-ins are not simply dumped on top of a scoop of ice cream as toppings would be in a conventional sundae; they are kneaded expertly into the very flesh of the scoop—be still, my beating heart! while the tongue and gullet and gizzard of the sufferer who has waited in line for 45 minutes send out urgent warnings of collapse.

This is the very Steve's

**U.C.L.A. students keep cool at Swensen's ice-cream parlor in Westwood**

*Crushed-strawberry- and fresh-peach- and Oreo-mint-deficient?*

where the legendary Steve Herrell, a Boston cab driver and sometime high school teacher, popularized the whole mind-and-body–expanding idea of mix-ins when he founded the place back in 1973. History was made, served and spooned here. Herrell sold his shop to the brothers Joey and Nino Crugnale in 1977 because he wanted to go west; he got as far as Northampton, where he now operates Steve Herrell's Ice Cream. Joey Crugnale, who shyly describes his outrageously heavy and rich ice cream as "the best," keeps a player piano jingling away in the corner and sometimes has his store manager cheer up the pilgrims standing in his lines by holding trivia quizzes (sample: "Who was the only actor to win two Academy Awards in a row, and what were the movies?" Answer: Spencer Tracy for *Captains Courageous* [1937] and *Boys Town* [1938]). This is known in the restaurant trade as ambience.

Still, aren't the prices just a trifle extortionate? Are we really talking about $2 for just one scoop and some candy crumbs? Has everybody gone crazy?

Students of the ridiculous will answer these questions in different ways. What is undeniably true is that serious eaters, especially in college towns and in those East Coast and West Coast cities whose inhabitants like to think of themselves as civilized, no longer have the slightest tolerance for ice cream *ordinaire*. An unpresumptuous little chocolate ripple does not interest them; they want presumption. And to say that they are willing to pay ruinous prices for it—$7 a quart for hand-packed ice cream is not unheard of—is to understate the case. They demand the right to pay these prices.

Passion of this intensity translates to steady sales for the ice-cream industry ($1.6 billion in 1979) when sales of all kinds of desserts have dropped off by 40% over the past decade and a half. Ice-cream sales in the U.S. hit a peak in 1975 and since then have declined slightly (from 15.69 qt. per capita last year to 14.62 qt.), but sales of the most expensive and best-tasting brands have been increasing by about

Frolicking dancers of Washington Ballet do an encore for Bob Weiss of Bob's Famous

Häagen-Dazs Founder Mattus with daughter

17% a year and now command 11% of the market. Americans produced 829,798,000 gal. of ice cream in all grades last year, and we eat more of it than anybody else, with Australians and New Zealanders spooning their way across the finish line a distant second and third. If all that tonnage is hard to get the teeth into, conceptually, the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers is happy to calculate that it would provide ten single-scoop cones for every human being on earth, an idea that might make the MX missile unnecessary—at least until the chocolate chip ran out.

One of the real oddities of the ice-cream industry is that business firms ranging in size from megacorp down to mom and pop can all do very well. No company can be said to dominate; Dart & Kraft, which makes Sealtest and Breyers ice cream, is in first place with sales of $337.3 million in 1979, but its market share is only 12.2%. Borden, with $257.8 million in sales and a 9.3% market share, comes second; Lever Bros., which owns Good Humor, is in seventh place with $62.9 million in sales and a 2.3% market share; and Howard Johnson is ninth with $48.6 million in sales and a 1.7% slice of the ice-cream pie. At the other end of the range, often with thoughts of rising fast, is the beefy red arm offering a just-scooped cone to a customer through a candy-store window. Sometimes the arm can write some impressive profit figures. The Baskin-Robbins chain (whose promotion of bubble-gum ice cream means that discriminating adult coneheads write off its 2,600 shops as hangouts for eleven-year-olds) has oases in Kuwait and Qatar. But Baskin-Robbins, now owned by a European-based conglomerate, started out in California in the 1940s as a two-man operation, with Brothers-in-Law Irv Robbins and Burt Baskin scooping furiously. Another pioneer scooper is Earl Swensen, 69, who still owns his original San Francisco ice-cream parlor. Ten years ago, he sold the chain it gave birth to, however, and Swensen's, which has a shop in the Singapore airport, among many other places, recently opened its 300th franchise.

People are lining up with their money in their hands, but there is a question to be asked about the status-label ice-cream craze. Are people buying the alligator or the shirt? Is the good stuff really that good? "If you think it is, it is," says Glenn Witte, a spokesman for the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers.

One pop-psychology mix-in ladled freely on the expensive-ice-cream phenomenon proposes that when a meal in a good restaurant costs what a used car once did, and when a new car costs what a house once did, a $2 cone is the only way most of us have to gratify our wistful yearning for luxury. Cheap at the price. A variant entrail-reading suggests that when people break faith with their diets, as they always do sooner or later, they want to do it with a strumpet certifiably and wickedly luxurious. Actually, according to a recent *Consumer Reports* calculation, a half-cup serving of superpremium vanilla ice cream contains only 267 calories, compared with 363 for a 5-oz. piece of homemade apple pie. A 154-lb. person, nutritionists say, can burn off half a dish in 21.2 min. of moderate skiing, 87.6 min. of golfing or painting furniture, or 188.6 min. of lying down and daydreaming. The difficulty, of course, lies with those of us for whom half a cup of ice cream is a trifling preamble to an evening of empty-the-carton.

What can be determined for sure is that cheap ice cream is half air. It would

Jerry and Ben: plumpness and prosperity

President Ann Bassett: family product

be airier still if Government regulations allowed it. Expensive ice cream is less than 30% air. Not only is superpremium made with the best cream, fresh fruit, chocolate and liqueurs (a fine French vanilla assays out at 3% egg yolks, twice the minimum specified by the U.S. Government for ice cream that is labeled French), but it contains a great deal more of these ingredients. A gallon of asylum-grade supermarket chocolate ripple weighs about 4½ lbs., and a gallon of Ben & Jerry's ineffable Heath bar or knee-weakening black raspberry weighs 6½ lbs. Häagen-Dazs rum raisin, flavored with fresh-plucked umlauts, weighs about 8 lbs. Not much air.

Ben Cohen and Jerry Vreenfield, high school friends from Long Island, started Ben & Jerry's in Burlington four years ago. Now, at age 30, they tend strongly toward plumpness and prosperity. In place of the traditional seven-year-old boy who must be bribed with dasher-licking rights before he will turn the crank of the hand freezer, they use a reduction gear to make the paddles of the freezer in their wholesale plant turn slowly enough. At their ice-cream parlor, a rowdily redecorated former gas station, an elderly White Mountain Freezer Co. rock-salt-and-ice contraption chunks away serenely in a position of honor. It is powered by a senile electric motor but otherwise, wooden tub and all, it is a 5-gal. enlargement of the traditional hand-turned ecstasy machine. This freezer, which somewhat surprisingly produces enough ice cream for the 1,600 customers who crowd in on a good day, does its magic under the attentive view of the area's kids. If Manager Don Miller is in a good mood, those who are quick on their feet get to lick the dasher that he pulls out when a batch is finished. The rest of the semi-solid mass then disappears for a day; it is flash-frozen at −10° F so that large ice crystals do not form, and then it is tempered for a few hours in a freezer 20° warmer. These days Ben and Jerry keep their machine going without letup, but often in the first months of their proprietorship, they were forced to hang up the dreaded international no-more-ice-cream sign: a red circle containing an ice-cream cone with a slash through it.

Anyone who doubts that superpremium buyers are getting more than ice cream should consider the Häagen-Dazs success. Salty old Tom Carvel, head of the 47-year-old, 800-store Carvel chain, is derisive: "All they did was reduce the air pump and quadruple the price, and the fools buy it." He says the nation's only real superpremium is his own, which is made fresh daily in his stores. Almost everyone else is impressed, and with reason. Reuben Mattus, who is 68 and white-whiskered now, helped his widowed mother Leah sell her lemon ices in the South Bronx when he was a small boy, and he has continued to follow the ice-cream business. Competition from big manufacturers forced him up the quality ladder. He raised his butterfat content to 12%, from the customary U.S.-regulated minimum of 10% for vanilla, and was successful for a while. The opposition caught on and, he says, began to undercut him with illegal discounts and credit deals. So he decided to go where the chains could not follow, to 16% butterfat and, never mind the cost, the very best ingredients. The new ice cream had no stabilizers to minimize the effects of melting during handling, no preservatives, no powdered milk, no corn syrup.

His masterstroke, however, was to come up with a made-up jumble of supposedly Danish syllables that proved to be astonishingly catchy. Häagen-Dazs, as he called his new ice cream in 1960, is meaningless in Danish, and, as Mattus observes somewhat impishly, the Danish language does not even use the umlaut, but he "thought it gave more pizazz." In fact, Mattus had no connection with Denmark; his own family had emigrated from Poland. But on the tops of his ice-cream cartons he printed a map of Scandinavia, with a star marking Copenhagen and an arrow swooping toward the star. Unwary buyers of this costly marvel (which sells now for $1.65 a pint and up) could have been forgiven for assuming that they were getting Prince Hamlet's own recipe from the court at Elsinore.

Last year Häagen-Dazs sold 40 million pt.—its largest retail size—made in a new, computerized plant in Woodbridge, N.J., and this year's sales are running about 50% better. The firm has franchised 89 "scoop shops"—as hand-dip ice-cream parlors are called in the trade—and expects to open 19 more across the country by the end of the summer.

This comic opera of marketing has a sequel. In early 1980 two more superpremium ice creams with throat-curdling foreign names hit the eastern market. Frusen Glädjé actually means "frozen delight" in Swedish (with an un-Swedish accent over the final *e* added for class), and the American owners made the unusual move of incorporating their company in Sweden. Their nectar is manufactured in Utica. Mattus took the non-Swedes to court for what amounted to infringement of balderdash, and his case was thrown out. The other newcomer is Alpen Zauber (German for "alpine magic"), a Brooklyn outfit that claims to be "inspired by the Swiss commitment to excellence . . . Its select natural ingredients are a heritage of the lush valleys of farm lands where the finest dairy products are still made by hand." Alpen Zauber has brought legal action against Häagen-Dazs for threatening to withhold its ice cream from distributors who sold Alpen Zauber. Mattus says that he is not worried by the other phony foreigners: they may eventually learn to play the violin, he says, but that will not enable them to compete with a virtuoso.

Nor does Häagen-Dazs compete in a threatening way with Breyers, who claims that its Philadelphia plant produces more fine ice cream, with no preservatives, no artificial flavors and no stabilizers, than any other creamery in the country. Breyers is the top-of-the-line ice cream made by Dart & Kraft. Robert Zogby, a vice president of the company, boasted recently that "last week in New York City alone we sold more Breyers than Häagen-Dazs sold across the country in a year."

Zogby talked freely about the problems of using natural flavors. Real vanilla beans add flecks to the mix, and some customers used to the cheaper artificial flavor vanillin complain of dirty ice cream. Real mint flavor is as clear as gin, not green. A blend of pumpkin and squash tastes more like pumpkin than pumpkin

**"Strange" and "flea-bitten banana" are among the offerings at Polly Ann's in San Francisco**

*When people break faith with their diets, they want to do it with a strumpet.*

alone does, but squash ice cream sounds dreadful, so the firm's flavorers had to work harder and stick with pumpkin. Most cherry ice cream contains bright red bits of cherries that have been embalmed, as maraschinos are—bleached white with formaldehyde and then dyed. Breyers and other producers of the natural article make do with the real thing—dark red to black, imperfect and not dyed. At the other end of the frozen rainbow from Breyers are Marty Rex and Marcel Arsenault. They were writing their doctoral dissertations in molecular biology ten years ago at the University of Colorado at Boulder, when Arsenault's homemade ice cream turned out to be so popular at parties they tried selling a few gallons to stores during the summer break. They now own Mountain High, a wildly popular super-premium freezery in Colorado that sells 20,000 gal. of natural ice cream a month.

There is an appealing "Hey, why don't we . . ." quality to such stories. Gary Shaefer and Barbara Fingold were practicing family therapists in western Massachusetts a few years ago; they suspected that cuts in social-service funding lay ahead. In 1978 they bought Bart's, an older ice-cream parlor in Northampton, Mass., a hungry college town, where Herrell was to set up his new place two years later. They are now doing very well handing out what might be considered a kind of therapy. Their customers are students, artists, shopkeepers and lawyers, and some of them, says Shaefer, come in three times a day. "It's a social institution; people get phone calls, leave messages, sell houses, close legal deals."

Bob's Famous, a twelve-seat ice-cream parlor in the Glover Park section of Washington, D.C., has, in the words of one fascinated observer, "intentionally or unintentionally created a kind of hole-in-the-wall chic." It sure has; suburbanites frequently drive an hour each way to stand in a 20-min. line in front of Bob's and pay 95¢ for a cone and $3.75 for a quart of apple–peanut butter, banana mango or mocha almond. People buy Bob's Kahlúa for $17 per gal., and some have spent $40 to airfreight it across the country. Owner Bob Weiss, 35, a lawyer who tired of the profession when he followed his lawyer-wife to Washington, started the shop three years ago, and says wonderingly that he may gross $400,000 this year.

Ice-cream tasting is a notoriously erratic business. Not only subjectivity but sheer numbness is a problem. "Your taste buds get so cold they barely function on

## An Eternal Verity

*Not everyone swoons over Häagen-Dazs' Rum Raisin or rushes out to get Baskin-Robbins' flavor of the month (last month's offering: Condorman Crunch). Some gourmets prefer to make their own, some prefer what they find in the supermarket.* TIME *asked several notable ice-cream addicts to reflect on their favorite flavors. The answers:*

**By Gael Greene,** food critic for *New York* magazine

For me, it's not the least bit excessive to rank the quality ice cream explosion with the sexual revolution, the women's movement and peace for our time. Great ice cream is sacred and brave, an eternal verity. And the passionate appetite for quality ice cream gives me hope for the survival of our civilization.

Though I am a fool for swirls and toasted nutlings in 16% butterfat, and fresh peach or berry can make me weep with joy, unreformable junk food cravings still linger. As a wantonly spoiled New Yorker, I could enjoy a sublime birthday cake prepared by any of a dozen master *pâtissiers*. But for the last three birthdays I have insisted on a Baskin-Robbins Mickey Mouse with blue eyes and an orange necktie cloaking layers of English Toffee, Pralines 'N Cream and Jamoca Almond Fudge. And they have to tear me away at midnight to keep me from devouring Mickey's last leftover ear.

Of course if you are serious about these things, you must inevitably discover homemade ice cream—silken and voluptuous. A dozen supernal ice creams have passed through my life, notably the mythic chocolate almond chip fudge swirl created on Christmas (two quarts for company, one quart for me and my then husband to eat by the light of the freezer at 1 a.m.).

I shall never trust anyone who doesn't love ice cream. They probably hate the beach because of the sand, sleep in pajamas, never eat spareribs and kiss with their mouths closed. What deprivation. Give me rum raisin, give me butterscotch excess.

**By Julia Child,** star of the television series *The French Chef*

I think that Häagen-Dazs and those other new ice creams are all terribly amusing, but I always feel that they are more expensive because of their names. I like Sealtest. It's very good—especially the vanilla and the chocolate, and a wonderful mixture called Heavenly Hash.

It is certainly easy to make your own ice cream, especially with the new Waring Ice Cream Parlor. It used to be such a hassle to chop up the ice and to find the coarse salt, but now you can use plain ice cubes and table salt, and it only takes 20 or 30 min. to freeze. I have a very nice sour cream recipe that features whole eggs, sugar, vanilla, and sour cream in place of fresh cream. I also do a fresh fruit sherbet. When Bartlett pears are in season, they have the best flavor. Fresh strawberries and raspberries are easy to do because you just have to sieve them and beat them up with some sugar and lemon juice. I'm also fond of pink grapefruit, but that's a little more complicated.

If you have too many flavors, then they mask each other and you end with a mishmash. But there was that very simple recipe that we did on television. You spoon a little bourbon whisky over vanilla ice cream and sprinkle on some finely powdered instant coffee. That makes a delicious dessert.

**By James Beard,** master chef and author of a score of cookbooks

My favorite flavor is certainly ginger. It's a great specialty of the mandarin restaurants in San Francisco and Beverly Hills. In my most recent food classes, we have made lots of ginger, but also peach, mango, coffee and vanilla. I'm always very happy with a fine vanilla. It should be a custard or a French ice cream.

The main thing is the ingredients. Good eggs, good cream and good fruit, preferably fresh fruit. If fresh fruit is not available, a little Grand Marnier helps.

about the eighth lick," I.A.I.C.M. Spokesman Witte explains. "Your nose still works O.K., but ice cream doesn't smell much."

Superpremium makers and feeders might take butterfat for thought from a test of 28 vanillas run a couple of Sundays ago by the Washington *Star*. Nine food experts, including Weiss, rated his own product fifth but decreed that Häagen-Dazs belonged in second place ("pleasing texture," "natural flavor," insufficient "oomph"). Frusen Glädjé was not tested; Alpen Zauber was far down the list, in the "puffy-fluffy, sweet-misery" category, having been rated "creamy but no taste," "salty." So were several other prestige brands: Sedutto's, Bassetts, Baskin-Robbins, Louis Sherry, Breyers and Schrafft's. First place went to the Giant food chain's economy vanilla "Kiss," which sells for $1.29 a half-gallon and contains milk fats, nonfat milk, sugar, corn sweetener, whey, locust bean and guar gums, mono- and diglycerides, calcium sulphate, Polysorbate 80, carrageenin, natural and artificial flavors, natural and artificial color, and the legal minimum of 10% butterfat.

Industry conservatives point out that not all natural flavors are vivid enough (Mattus has failed so far to make a peach ice cream that he considers good, and Häagen-Dazs will not sell peach until he succeeds). Raising butterfat much above the 16% or 17% level can produce a greasy mix that for some reason resists flavoring. Staleness kills ice cream, and natural brands, such as Breyers or Häagen-Dazs, to some extent become unnatural when they are shipped across the country and stored for too many weeks. Ice crystals form and texture coarsens when any ice cream is melted even slightly and then refrozen.

The reason that the ice cream in the best scoop shops tastes so good does not seem very mysterious. The player piano helps, and so does the chance to feel like Diamond Jim Brady and still get change back from a $5 bill. But what is most important is that the ice cream is likely to have been made the day before from the best ingredients that the local markets are offering ("Use overripe peaches!" yells Vermont's Cohen to Mattus).

How did we reach this pinnacle? Ice cream was perfected in the U.S., as all honest chauvinists know, but it was not invented here. Nero liked to eat flavored ice, according to Paul Dickson's scholarly and amusing *The Great American Ice Cream Book*, and in the 13th century Marco Polo returned from the Orient with a recipe for some sort of frozen dessert with milk in it. Catherine de Médicis appears to have introduced sherbets and ices, possibly ice cream, to France in 1533, when

As for brand names, I don't know one from another.

Even the best ingredients don't guarantee success. I once had a dinner party for eight people, none of whom had ever been to my house. All of them were well known, most in the food field. I had done a very special ice cream as part of a dessert. But my housekeeper, who has been with me for years, neglected to get it frozen. When it was finally frozen and served, it was a gallon of large lumps. It was like soup. Do not serve soup for dessert.

**By Craig Claiborne,** food writer for the New York *Times*

When I was a child in Mississippi, Sunday was my favorite day of all, particularly in summer and most especially when fresh peaches were at the peak of their season. My mother would make a vanilla base—a simple English custard, really—into which she would blend those peaches with their melting sweet flesh, and she would pour this into the container of a hand-cranked freezer. My father would take the ice pick and chip away at a huge block of ice, more than enough to fill the space surrounding the metal cylinder containing the custard, adding alternate layers of rock salt. And all of us would take turns at rotating the handle up to an hour or longer. When the turning became labored and more difficult, the magic moment had arrived. The lid of the canister was removed along with the double layer of wax paper beneath it (this to act as a guard against rock salt crystals) and, heavenly day, what an irresistible rush for silver spoons to dip into that white-tinted-with-pink confection. The lucky one got to lick the wondrous creamy leftovers that were still clinging to the mixer.

I have never lost my enthusiasm for ice cream, of almost any flavor. I have never been an icebox raider, except for one irreversible craving. Ice cream. Or sherbets. Or a fantastic ice, what the French call *granités* and the Italians call *granita*. There's nothing to give succor to the palate like the frozen purity of a seasonal berry or fruit juice made semisolid.

I learned about ices fairly late in life, while dining some years ago at the Taillevent, one of my favorite restaurants in all Paris. At the end of a meal that had included an incredible Roquefort cheese soufflé, roast *caneton au citron*, Anna potatoes, salad with assorted cheeses and an apple tart, there was nothing more to be desired. Until the assorted ices were displayed. I had them all—raspberry, lemon, grapefruit and pear. It gave added luster and significance to the champagne that accompanied it and instilled a craving for assorted ices that would last a lifetime.

**By Chris Chase,** author of *The Great American Waistline*

Growing up, I thought that the rest of my family had queer tastes in ice cream. Rum raisin. Maple walnut. Vanilla. I always knew that chocolate was the only flavor worth losing my teeth over.

I loved Good Humors because they had chocolate shells. And I loved it when, on a summer night, my grandmother would give me 35¢ (I think it was 35¢, my memory is as fragile as my teeth) and send me to the store where the druggist would personally pack a half-pint container with Breyers' best. Two flavors. Whatever my grandmother fancied, plus chocolate.

As I grew older, I dared more (chocolate was still best for a broken heart, but Rocky Road—chocolate with nuts and marshmallows—was good too) and I began to make brand distinctions. I didn't go by butterfat, I let my taste buds do the walking. Howard Johnson's got my vote. So did Schrafft's.

Then, on a trip to California a few years back, I discovered Swensen's. I still remember the first cone, a scoop of coconut and a scoop of Swiss chocolate with almonds and oranges. Later, Swensen's came to New York, but there are thrills you can't recapture.

In Italian restaurants, I like spumoni (it has chocolate in it). I also like the vanilla-chocolate-strawberry brick ice cream that used to be a staple of children's birthday parties. I still eat around the chocolate, saving it for last.

Lately, I have a new habit. Baskin-Robbins' 31 Karat Bars. They come in two flavors, Pralines 'N Cream, with a kind of butterscotch overcoat, and Jamoca Almond Fudge, sheathed in chocolate. Sometimes, I buy a six-pack of Jamoca Almond Fudge bars, eat two of them on my way home from work, and finish the rest before the 11 o'clock news. I know it's disgusting, but I don't care any more. And besides, it's a lot cheaper than whisky or cocaine.

she arrived there with her retinue to marry the future Henry II. Beethoven, during the mild winter of 1794, feared that there would not be enough ice for the next summer to make ice cream in Vienna.

Ice cream is American by right of conquest, however. George Washington owned a gadget for making ice cream. Thomas Jefferson loved it. An American woman named Nancy Johnson invented the hand-cranked, rock salt–and–ice freezer in 1846, although she neglected to patent the machine. Robert M. Green, a Philadelphia visionary, gave the world the ice-cream soda in 1874. The ice-cream cone was the hit of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 in St. Louis. Christian Nelson, an Iowa candy-store proprietor, thought up chocolate-covered ice cream in 1919 but got nowhere until Russell Stover, an ice-cream company superintendent, searched the firmament and invented the name Eskimo Pie. By 1922 the pair were selling a million pies a day. A Youngstown, Ohio, confectioner named Harry Burt refined the idea by developing chocolate-covered ice cream on a stick, and the Good Humor bar was hatched. In 1924 the Individual Drinking Cup Co. (what a dull name!) came up with an ice-cream container called the Dixie Cup (what a great name!). From 1930 to 1970, the inside of the paper lids carried pictures of movie stars, sports heroes and the like.

These were only the foothills of genius. The Good Humor Corp., with an excess of hubris, made a chili con carne ice-cream bar, which failed. L.L. Bassett, grandson of the founder of the great Philadelphia ice creamery (his daughter Ann took over the company five years ago), made yellow tomato ice cream in the 1930s. No one liked it. Dill-pickle ice cream, intended for pregnant women, was concocted by a shop in Michigan. It succeeded. More than one specialty shop whipped up jelly-bean ice cream in honor of Ronald Reagan's Inauguration, but Washington Lawyer Weiss, perhaps foreseeing litigation, quickly withdrew his from his menu at Bob's Famous. Said he: "It looked like a potential tooth chipper."

If jelly-bean ice cream had existed in the first quarter of the century, soda jerks would have translated it into cocky fountain lingo. Dickson has compiled a marvelous glossary of such wise-guy locutions, including "Hoboken special," which for some reason signified a pineapple soda with chocolate ice cream, and "twist it, choke it and make it cackle" for a chocolate malted with an egg (twist presumably for the twisting of the malted-milk beater, choke for chocolate, and cackle, of course, for the chicken that laid the egg). New scoop shops do not seem to have developed such a memorable language of their own. Carla Seidel, 20, a friendly, blond, Harvard psychology major who scoops the graveyard shift—11 p.m. to 7 a.m.—at Brigham's in Harvard Square, describes the "zeroll" scooping technique (named for the anti-freeze-filled scoop that is used) that Brigham's requires its employees to learn. "The idea is to get maximum surface area but to keep the scoop sort of hollow," she explains. "You get a strip of ice cream that curls around on itself." Scoopers are trained to whip out precisely 4 oz. per small scoop, 5½ oz. for a medium scoop and 7 oz. for a large. But what ends up happening, she notes, is that customers who talk to the scoopers get more ice cream. She and her colleagues fight brain-fade by sizing up customers ("definitely a Swiss orange-chip person") the way soda jerks used to do. "The other day a guy came in and ordered a frappe with vanilla and mocha-chip ice cream, vanilla syrup, marshmallow sauce, hot butterscotch and an egg. That was weird." Her word frappe here is a Frenchified New England term for what Midwesterners call a milkshake.

"For heaven's sake, if you like vanilla, take *vanilla!*"

There are other regional differences in the national passion. The steamy South-Central states consume less than half (10.77 qt. per digestive system per year) as much as the hungriest region, which is New England (21.86 qt.). Marketing men in the dairy industry have a suspicion that forthright Southeasterners will not eat what they cannot pronounce. A superpremium sells there under the no-foolin' name of Rich & Creamy.

Thus it is that the best ice cream in the world, as anyone who has tried it will argue, is sold by McConnell's, in California, which somehow manages to saturate its product with 22% butterfat, currently a North American record. By Gerber's of Atlanta. By Graeter's of Cincinnati. By Bud's of San Francisco. By Vivoli's of Berkeley. By (whisper its name) Bailey's of Boston, which takes no notice of the new superpremium trend because it has been serving only the best since 1873, thank you very much, and which serves its sundaes in silver-plated bowls resting on silver-plated salvers. In New York City, you get Häagen-Dazs at Elaine's, and Sedutto's at the Four Seasons and "21." Germaine's in Washington, D.C., serves a litchi-nut ice cream made specially by Bob's Famous; Lockeober's in Boston serves ice cream specially made by Bailey's. Chasen's, Scandia and Perino's in Los Angeles haughtily refuse to divulge their ice-cream brands.

Forget all this, and resolve the next time you are in Texas to obtain the best ice cream in the world, which is made by the Blue Bell Creameries of Washington County, between Austin and Houston. Texans admit that this is true. President Ed Kruse says, "We don't regard our ice cream as gourmet as such but rather as just a damn good product." He starts telling a story about a lady from Anderson, Texas, who moved to the wilds of California and had a friend regularly ship her Blue Bell's damn good product by commercial airliner. Have we heard this story before? Only once, at each of the best ice-cream shops in the world. Are some of these people turning up the air pump ever so slightly on the truth? Of course not; it is all true; the faltering U.S. airline industry would be bankrupt if it were not for thousands of gluttonous eccentrics, exiled from their home towns, freighting the world's best ice cream back and forth.

And now the writer is going to excuse himself. Ben & Jerry's, in Vermont, is only 2½ hours away. Steve's new place in Northampton, Mass., may be a little nearer, although there is traffic to consider. Bob's Famous in Washington is not out of the question, a mere ten hours of maniacal driving in the beckoning distance. Decisions, decisions. Shallow thinkers may feel that a householder who must budget his sanity—so much for taxes, so much for education, etc.—should not fritter it away by brooding about a children's dessert. They are wrong. What is clear is that at this stage in the decline of the West, instinct tells us that we have a right to live in the golden age of *something*. Why should that something be acid rain or rocket launchers? Why not—an Oreo-mint cone, please, with a scoop of cantaloupe, and jimmies—do our wistful dreaming about one of civilization's benign marvels, ice cream? —*By John Skow. Reported by Liz Ryan/Boston and Janice C. Simpson/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

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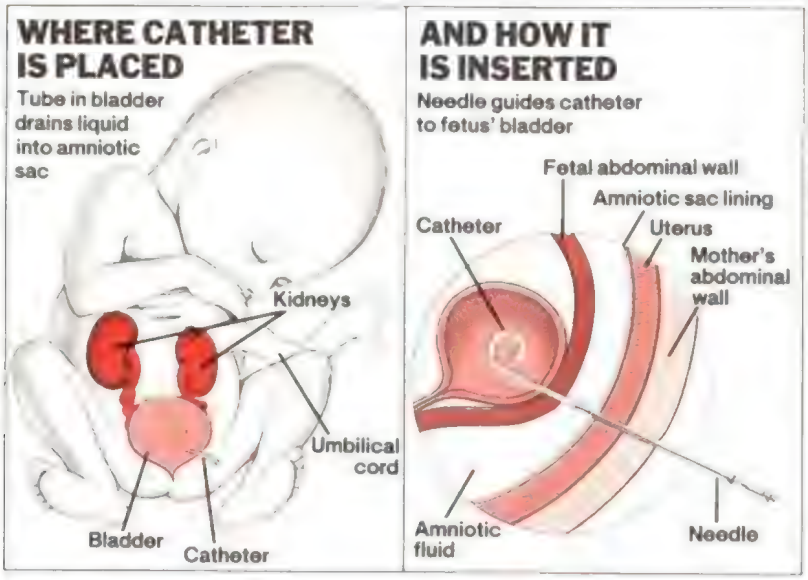


# Medicine

## Surgery in the Womb

*Operating on the fetus to head off birth defects*

Because she was 41 when she became pregnant and thus ran a higher risk of complications than younger women, Rosa Skinner, a housewife in San Mateo, Calif., was sent by her obstetrician to the prenatal diagnosis clinic of the University of California–San Francisco. Ultrasound scans showed that she was bearing twins, a boy and a girl. At 28 weeks the female fetus seemed normal, but the male's kidneys and bladder were swollen with fluid backed up in the urinary tract.

Known as hydronephrosis, the condition can lead to death for newborn babies. Normally, fetal urine flows into the amniotic fluid surrounding the fetus; when the lower urinary tract is obstructed, the urine accumulates in the kidneys and bladder, which then begin to balloon, crowding the fetus' developing lungs and damaging the kidneys. In the Skinner case, doctors chose a new and promising method of treatment: surgery with the fetus still in the womb.

Pediatric Surgeon Michael Harrison used a needle to guide a small blue tube, or catheter, into the fetus' bladder to drain urine into the amniotic fluid. Then he withdrew the needle, using a yellow push rod to hold the catheter in place. On the day after the baby, named Michael, was born in May, Harrison removed the catheter and created an opening for urine to drain from the small of his back. Said Harrison: "Michael will probably have to have another operation to reconstruct his urinary tract, but he should live a normal life."

Only three days after the San Francisco operation, according to the Denver *Post*, surgeons at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center used a drainage tube to treat hydrocephalus, a buildup of cerebrospinal fluid in the brain cavity, in a 24-week-old fetus. Says Harrison: "The next step is opening the uterus, fixing something and closing it back up again to allow the baby to develop normally."

For all its promise, fetal surgery poses some difficult ethical dilemmas. Says Roy Filly, an ultrasound specialist who works with Harrison: "Even if the mother wants to have the baby, what do you do if you open up the womb and find the problem is much worse than you feared? Do you save the baby, even though it may be severely handicapped and require extensive lifelong medical care?" Fetal surgery also touches directly on the question of when life begins, a central issue in the debate over abortion. Says Dr. Leonie Watson, a pro-life advocate in San Francisco: "If they can do surgery on a fetus, then it is in fact a baby." Calling that a "phony argument," Phillip Stubblefield, a gynecologist at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, submits that a fetus is only a baby if it can live outside the womb. Says he: "Whether or not the fetus is viable is a biological phenomenon that has to do with the maturity of the fetus." One thing seems certain: if fetal surgery fulfills its potential, the right-to-life argument—heretofore wielded by antiabortionists—could be used in favor of medical intervention, rather than against it. ■

# Milestones

**BORN.** To Oscar-Winning Songwriter **Paul Williams,** 40 (*Evergreen*), and his wife and accountant Katie, 30, a son, their first child; in Los Angeles. Name: Christopher Cole. Weight: 6 lbs. 5 oz.

**DIED. Omar Torrijos Herrera,** 52, cigar-chewing brigadier general of Panama's National Guard and the country's *de facto* strongman, who negotiated the return by the U.S. of the Panama Canal Zone to his country's control; in an airplane crash; in the western jungles of Panama. Torrijos joined the National Guard in 1952, and in 1968 helped to lead a coup against President Arnulfo Arias. The next year Torrijos effectively took sole power and served an official term as chief of government from 1972 to 1978. Occasionally ironfisted with local dissenters, he showed his formidable political skill in manipulating volatile local opinion over the Canal issue, leading to the 1977 treaties that were ratified—barely—by the U.S. Senate in 1978.

**DIED. Sidney (Paddy) Chayefsky,** 58, Bronx-born, barrel-chested playwright who won three Oscars (for *Marty, The Hospital* and *Network*); of cancer; in Manhattan. First successful in TV, he wrote *Marty* as a humorous love story, was startled when viewers cried. He had three Broadway hits (*Middle of the Night, The Tenth Man* and *Gideon*). The essence of his writing, he said, was to portray "characters caught in the decline of their society."

**DIED. Frances Ilg,** 78, pediatrician, writer and a source of practical, research-based advice for generations of American parents; in Manitowish Waters, Wis. Ilg co-founded the Connecticut-based Gesell Institute of Child Development in 1950 and co-authored more than 20 books tracing the behavioral patterns of children from infancy through adolescence.

**DIED. William Wyler,** 79, film director and three-time Oscar winner, for *Mrs. Miniver* (1942), *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946) and *Ben-Hur* (1959); of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Born in French Alsace, Wyler immigrated to New York at age 19 and worked as a publicity agent and a script clerk before directing his first silent film in 1925. Though his work ranged from musicals (*Funny Girl*, 1968) to westerns (*The Big Country*, 1958), Wyler was best known for his film adaptations of such novels as Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth* (1936) and Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* (1939), and Lillian Hellman's play *The Little Foxes* (1941).

**DIED. James Walsh,** 90, Roman Catholic bishop and former superior-general of the Maryknoll Fathers who, as a missionary, was imprisoned in China from 1958 to 1970 on charges of spying for the Vatican and the U.S.; in Ossining, N.Y.

# Postdated

I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE
*Directed by Moshe Mizrahi*
*Screenplay by Gérard Brach and Moshe Mizrahi*

They stand in single file at the post-office window, their hair gray, the lines of their plain, neat dresses amplified by age and experience, their thoughts mixing hope and anxiety. It is mid-afternoon, and dusk is settling on their lives, but as they move up in line they permit themselves to wonder: Is there a letter for me today? The efficient, sympathetic mademoiselle behind the counter nods yes, and watches aging eyes light up—or says, *"Hélas, non, madame,"* and averts her glance from a spinsterly face gone slack. When you send a letter to your love—even if he is a "Dear Stranger" who caresses you through the mail—an *"Hélas, non, madame"* can break your heart.

Louise (Simone Signoret) is one of those women. She and her crippled brother Gilles (Jean Rochefort) seem resigned to live out their days exchanging good-natured insults. Louise keeps house and her own counsel; the defiantly cheerful Gilles looks at life from a wheelchair.

**Seyrig, Rochefort, and Signoret in *I Sent a Letter:* readings of the middle-class heart**

through a telescope lens. But there is untapped love in them both, and a desperate resolve. Louise places a personal notice in the local paper, asking to meet a "refined gentleman." To her shock and chagrin, the one respondent is Gilles. "My legs are paralyzed," he declares in his first letter, "but my heart is free and I know how to love." And so Louise determines to create another life, a love life, for her brother: she writes to him, as "Béatrice Deschamps," and Gilles becomes her maimed, ardent Vergil. The question is whether she will lead him to paradise or purgatory.

While Hollywood movies send up skyrockets of comedy and terror, the French cinema smolders like an untended hearth fire. No more the giddiness of the New Wave, whose anarchic high spirits fragmented film language and frag-bombed bourgeois complacency. Twenty years later, the bourgeoisie is again dominant, but now more thoughtful, less ready to judge. Like a concerned family doctor, today's


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French movies speak in whispers and prescribe moderation; they take stethoscope readings of the middle-class heart and find passion and accommodation, romance and regret, residing there. Though Bernice Rubens' novel and play *I Sent a Letter to My Love* are set in Wales, they have found a home on the coast of Brittany and with this small, splendid cast.

Jean Rochefort has heretofore put his sheepish grin and Slinky-like gait into the service of boulevard comedy. Here he is both more powerful and more discreet, signaling the film's shifting moods with each new spasm of Gilles's anticipation and anguish. Delphine Seyrig, who plays his neighbor, the lovely, slow-witted Yvette, was once the very model of *Marienbad* chic. It is a pleasure to see those enigmatic eyes widen in what Yvette means to convey as delight, to see her smile squirm at Gilles's gentle ribaldry.

But the show belongs to Simone Signoret. After 40 years in movies, Signoret has the sturdy, pouched, life-lined charm of an old duffel bag. She is a marvelous behavioral actress. Smiles and tears are easy enough, but no one is better than Signoret at sitting still, daring life to try and impress her. Luckily for her, in France actors are not asked to stay svelte and sexy into senility. The family doctor looked at Signoret and encouraged her to put on weight, go gray, show her age, be herself—and still be a star. At 61, she has earned her *Letter*. —*By Richard Corliss*

# Rushes

**HEAVY METAL**

As in "Heavy, man, heavy." All the fantasies in this animated anthology concern a glowing green meteor that rolls around heaven all day, bringing troubles to all who touch it. These are variously comic, terrifying and erotic (if live actors were seen doing what drawn figures occasionally do here, the picture might have rated an X). But the animation is crude when it is not pretentious; the score, heavily laden with rock music, is positively bellicose; and the truncated tales told all betray their comicbook origins. As a result, one is constantly distanced from the movie. Perhaps it should be seen by people with something more potent than popcorn coursing through their veins. But even as a trip movie it cannot be compared to such classics as *2001* and *Fantasia*.

**ZORRO, THE GAY BLADE**

"Joostice for the pipples"—that is the cry of this satirical son of the old Zorro movies and TV show. It is also a fair sample of its mild—to put it mildly—humor. As the macho son of the legendary hero, again fighting tyrannical rulers in old Los Angeles, George Hamilton relies heavily on the limited laugh potential of a thick accent. He also plays a twin who is gay, reluctantly substituting for his more virile brother when the latter breaks an ankle. The gay twin redesigns Zorro's basic-black costume in more flamboyant shades and informs the peons it is no shame to be poor, only to be badly dressed. The movie's spirit is inoffensively amiable, and Hamilton works agreeably to compensate for the fact that he was born too late to play straight a part that helped make Douglas Fairbanks and Tyrone Power great stars. But *Zorro* lacks the lunatic inventiveness of his previous spoof, *Love at First Bite*.

**EYE OF THE NEEDLE**

Deep-cover Nazi agent kicks off his covers and must try to pull them up over him again—at least until the submarine picks him up, and he can get back to Germany with the Allied invasion plans. Donald Sutherland plays the spy, code-named Needle, and Kate Nelligan is a miserably married woman, living with her embittered husband on a remote island off the Scottish coast. Naturally the Needle washes up there. Naturally they fall in love. Naturally, in the end, she must choose between love and patriotic duty. As a bestseller, this was a good read, but on film, the crimes the Needle commits on his escape route are so psychopathically gory that he is rendered loathsome. Sutherland's sometimes effective stillness, and some routine direction, are also off-putting. On the other hand, Nelligan's anguish is quite touching; she grants the film's final passages a certain suspenseful, almost redeeming, grace. ■


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# Melody Stages a Comeback

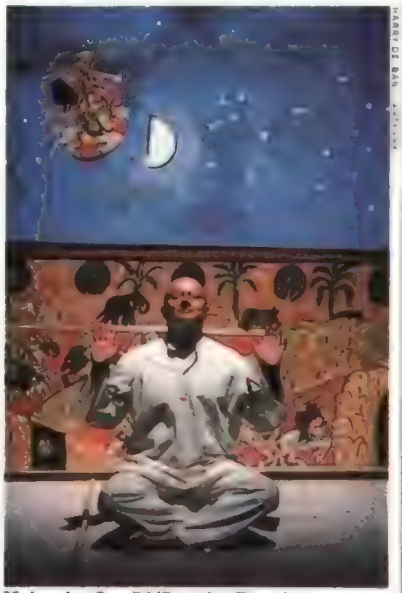
*In an opera about Gandhi, Philip Glass makes Sanskrit sing*

Philip Glass's *Satyagraha* is not your standard opera. For one thing, it is sung in Sanskrit. For another, it dramatizes Mohandas Gandhi's struggle against racial discrimination in South Africa between 1893 and 1914. The libretto is drawn entirely from the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the sacred Hindu text that served as the moral authority for Gandhi's nonviolent resistance movement—called Satyagraha, after the Sanskrit words for truth and firmness. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the opera, given its American premiere at Artpark in Lewiston, N.Y., last week, is the music itself. Melodically sensuous, harmonically simple and rhythmically hypnotic, *Satyagraha* rejects the dominant musical style of the postwar era, twelve-tone serialism. Yet it does so gently, even serenely: the composer has practiced what Gandhi preached.

The fissure that has opened between composers of serious music and the mass audience has been one of the artistic tragedies of the 20th century, with both sides to blame. As new music became more intellectually rigorous—until the point of a work was not how it sounded but how it was "organized"—audiences searching for emotional satisfaction turned away, seeking solace in earlier periods. The counterrevolution against the Schoenberg-Webern-Boulez triumvirate is now well advanced, however, with a variety of conservatives, neoconservatives (including apostates from serialism such as George Rochberg) and so-called minimalists all striving to make new music vital again. Glass generally is lumped with Composers Steve Reich and Terry Riley in the minimalist camp because of his simple melodies and his dependence on repetition instead of traditional motivic development. An admirer of punk and New Wave music, Glass is unabashed about his aims: "We've had 70 years of pieces since Schoenberg that no one understands," he says, "so there's nothing really wrong with a little contemporary music being appealing."

*Satyagraha* is certainly appealing, indeed beautiful. The score glows with a spiritual luminosity rarely encountered in this secular, anxious age, and its inner peace harmonizes with the tenets of the *Bhagavad-Gita* being sung and the goals of Gandhi's revolution acted out onstage. The opera's three acts (seven scenes) trace the beginnings of the Satyagraha movement during Gandhi's 21 years in South Africa: the founding of the Tolstoy Farm commune, the increasing resistance to discrimination against Indians, the climactic Newcastle march of 1913 in which Gandhi led striking miners in protest against restrictive racial policies. While each scene is self-contained, the effect is cumulative and powerful.

The opera charts new directions for Glass. His earlier works (including *Einstein on the Beach*, a five-hour collaboration with Avant-Gardist Robert Wilson that packed the Metropolitan Opera House twice in 1976) used amplified instruments and contained elements of rock. *Satyagraha* still owes much, harmonically, to rock—it begins with one of the most fundamental of chord progressions—but it uses a 51-piece orchestra of expertly scored strings and woodwinds, discreetly accompanied by an electronic organ. Further, Glass has developed more complex musical structures: *Satyagraha* is supported by an insistent rhythmic underpinning, continuously transformed and extended by shifting accents. Yet for all its nonstop activity, the music is flexible enough to respond to changing dramatic situations. In the final scene of the second act, for example, a lyrical idea (sometimes reduced to a single chord) alternates with a stirring chorus, as the Indians burn their racial registration cards and Gandhi prays quietly.



Mohandas Gandhi (Douglas Perry) at prayer

Tenor Douglas Perry sang the role of Gandhi with strength and sweetness. As Miss Schlesen, Gandhi's European secretary, Soprano Claudia Cummings conveyed a purity of tone and an assured dramatic presence. The Artpark Opera Chorus mastered the score's tricky rhythms, and Conductor Christopher Keene gauged the music's effects effortlessly, drawing sensitive, refined playing from members of the Buffalo Philharmonic. Director Hans Nieuwenhuis staged the stylized action subtly, with effective use of slow motion during the protest scenes.

Glass, 44, was there to savor his triumph. Although *Einstein* proved a *succès d'estime*, it was a costly one; after 32 performances in seven countries, the venture lost $90,000, and Glass went back to his old job, driving a cab in New York. But now he appears to have a real success. *Satyagraha* was commissioned by the city of Rotterdam and was premiered there by the Netherlands Opera last year; this fall it plays the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Recently, the Baltimore-born Glass received a three-year, $90,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to support his music. And the Stuttgart Opera has commissioned a new work, *Akhenaton*, for a 1983 production. If Philip Glass can make Sanskrit sing, what will he do with ancient Egyptian? —*By Michael Walsh*

Tolstoy Farm commune: fighting for racial equality in South Africa

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# Dodge Omni Miser:
# Chrysler engineering applied the advanced technology of front-wheel-drive to achieve the highest highway gasoline mileage of any American built car. 50 [30] mpg.*

EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG.

In 1978, Chrysler took an impressive step forward in efficient automotive design by applying the advanced technology of front-wheel-drive to a small American car. The Dodge Omni. Today, after more than 19 billion miles of owner experience with a full line of small front-wheel-drive cars, Chrysler sets yet another standard by offering a new generation Omni of that same technology. Dodge Omni Miser. The highest highway gasoline mileage car ever built in America.

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†Euro-Sedan sticker price includes optional low back bucket seats as shown $43 extra.

# The Vows Heard Round the World

*Commentary in 34 languages, with pretty pictures by the BBC*

It was made for television and television knew it. Said Steve Friedman, executive producer of NBC's *Today* show: "We have a beautiful princess, a royal wedding, a glorious sight, all overlaid with the threat of violence." To capture this perfect script, TV journalists plotted their coverage for months, haggling over camera position, importing tons of equipment, steeping correspondents in royal arcana. Some 750 miles of cable were set down, and scores of cameras were set up, 21 in St. Paul's Cathedral alone. By the time the sun rose over Buckingham Palace last Wednesday, three communications satellites over the Indian and Atlantic oceans were beaming images of the scene to 750 million viewers in 61 countries, from Sweden to Zambia. For most of the next 7½ hours, the air waves crackled with commentary in 34 languages, much of it irritatingly trite. But the pictures were the important thing, and they were riveting.

Journalists at Buckingham Palace

The eye-catching shots came courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corp., which shared television rights to the ceremony with Independent Television (ITV) and had choice camera locations outside. The BBC supplied its all-day feed to 81 foreign broadcasting companies, including ABC, CBS and NBC. Especially remarkable were the BBC's pictures inside the cathedral. They were orchestrated down to a nanosecond by Producer Michael Lumley, who directed the shifting of cameras from religious icons to the boys choir to the royal couple in a way that perfectly matched the music and pace of the ceremony. From a 6-in. square window near the top of St. Paul's golden dome, a BBC camera took some magnificent overhead shots of the procession up the aisle and the exchange of vows. The television gear was an intrusion—a camera clattered to the floor at one point—but it also lighted up the cathedral, revealing its art and architecture as never before.

Though the U.S. networks shared the BBC feed, the competition between them was as keen as always—and no wonder, with 55 million American viewers planning to get up early to watch the royal nuptials. The networks fielded their top commentators, as well as more than 300 correspondents, producers and technicians, at a reported cost of $5 million. NBC's *Today* show built an open-air studio across from Buckingham Palace and broadcast from there all week. Together the three networks deployed two dozen cameras at carefully selected positions along the route in hopes of getting exclusive shots of arresting moments. Explained ABC News Executive Producer Robert Siegenthaler: "The British feed tends to be stately rather than close-up and personal. Ours has more of a 'people' feel to it." Top ABC sports directors were called in to direct the wedding coverage, including Tuesday night's fireworks display, on the theory that they could lend extra pizazz to the event. This spirit carried over into the ceremony itself, where ABC treated the boys choir like a college basketball team, superimposing statistics on the screen as they sang, showing the number of choir members, the age of the youngest (ten) and how many hours they had practiced.

Prince Charles and Lady Diana granted one personal interview before the wedding, to Thames Television's Andrew Gardner and BBC's Angela Rippon, in which they revealed little more than the fact that they were "grateful for all those kind wishes." NBC Anchorman John Chancellor observed that "correspondents tend to tiptoe through interviews with royalty in this country. That's at the Palace's request." The U.S. networks tried to make up for their lack of access to the royal couple by hiring commentators such as Actors Robert Morley (ABC) and Peter Ustinov (NBC), Interviewer David Frost and Historian Lady Antonia Fraser (CBS). They did not always help. Morley joked cloyingly about his "missing invitation to St. Paul's." When Chancellor asked Ustinov why the British people love the royal family so, Ustinov said it was the same drive that makes them "rip out seats at football matches. I think they're trying to find their origins." CBS was the most restrained of the three networks in its anchor-desk prattle, preferring for the most part to pass along the elegant and understated coverage provided by the

In CBS booth opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, Frost and Fraser chat while Rather is wired for sound; right, Walters and Jennings in ABC studio

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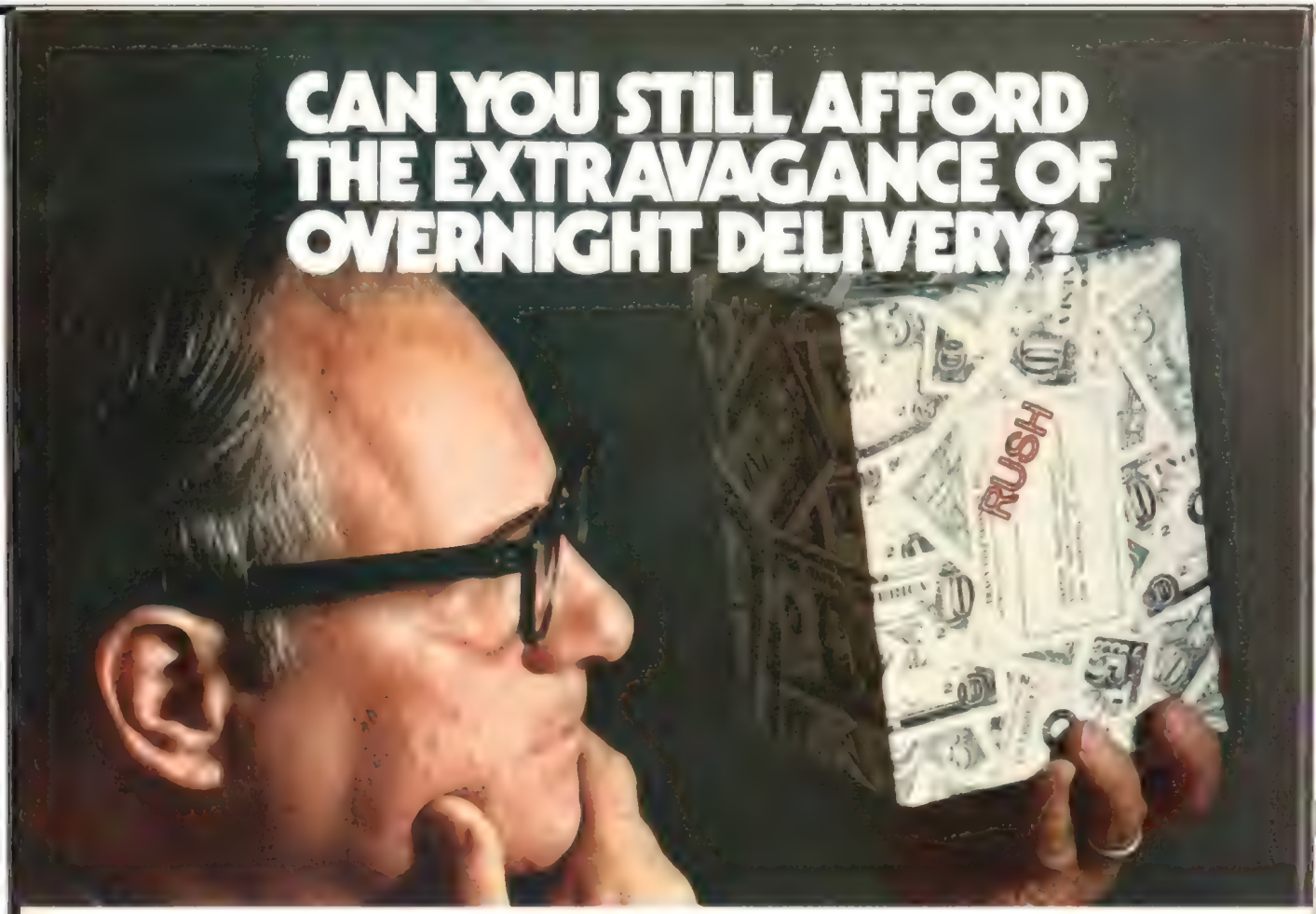


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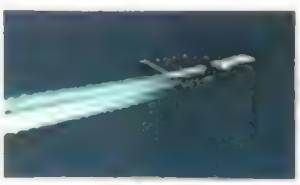

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BBC. But even Dan Rather felt compelled at one point to inform the viewers back home that the British "Life Guards [are] not to be confused with the American term lifeguards." This mindless small talk was enlightening compared with the shenanigans of the story-starved stars of the morning shows. At various times during the week, David Hartman of ABC played cricket, Willard Scott of NBC frolicked in the fountain at Trafalgar Square, and Joan Lunden of ABC toured London with a magician.

Poor taste was the occasional price of all this live television. Early on the day of the wedding, Tom Brokaw noted that Diana "appears to have very large feet." Guest Commentator and Biographer Robert Lacey piped in that Charles "has very large ears." Brokaw at one point cracked that the Welsh Guards are "a very early regal version of the Coneheads"—the daffy extraterrestrial family on NBC's old *Saturday Night Live* show.

The print press was also out in full force, running hard to match the stunning visual story provided by television. Nearly 1,000 foreign journalists operated out of the Overseas Press Center on St. James's Street, which was equipped with 50 typewriters, 126 telephone lines and eleven Telex machines. The London *Sun*, calling itself the *Royal Sun* for the big week, stationed 40 reporters with walkie-talkies along the processional route. *Die Aktuelle*, the West German women's magazine, ferried its reporters and photographers around in two planes, two helicopters, two speedboats (for the Thames) and a fleet of cars and bicycles.

*Women's Wear Daily* produced the most inventive coverage of the week, presenting a bogus drawing of Lady Diana's bridal gown the day before the ceremony. "We said this could be a hoax before we ran it," said Publisher John Fairchild. "I thought it made a very amusing story." Fleet Street was at its creative best, too, telling readers what Charles whispered to Diana at intimate moments. And how did the newspapers find out? They hired lip readers.

The wedding captured front-page headlines around the world. It even moved the gray *Times* of London to do the unthinkable: the paper published a color photograph of the royal couple as a souvenir front page on Thursday. The *Economist* had a color news page for the first time in its 138-year history. Japan's *Yomiuri Shimbun* (circ. 8 million), the largest newspaper in the world, deemed the wedding story important enough to rush in a color photo midway through its evening press run. But by week's end such energy had begun to dissipate. Most reporters were content to leave the saga of Charles and Diana on the note sounded in a *Times* editorial: "They have a marriage to build and a family to make. They, their advisers, the press and the public should give them room to do it." ***—By Janice Castro. Reported by Mary Cronin/London***

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

# The Prince and the Paupers

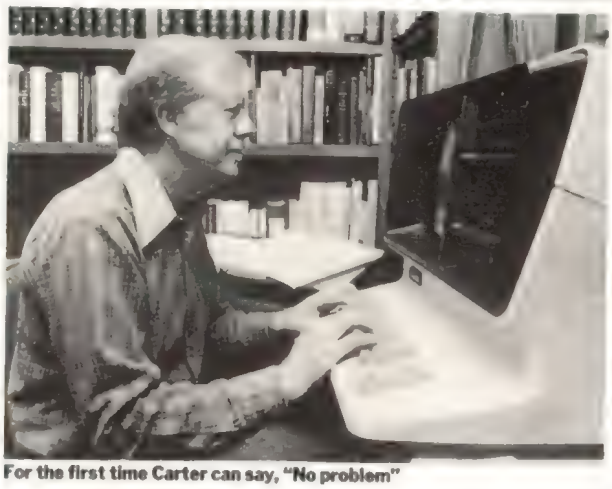
It took the splendor and pageantry of the royal wedding to match, and at last to overcome, the kind of coverage Britain was getting last week on American television. The anchorman heavies (Rather, Chancellor, Walters, Brokaw) arrived early to cover the preparations, but soon wearied of the familiar banalities —curbside interviews with the first people to stake out viewing spots, guardsmen shining their boots, the trafficking in gimcrack souvenirs. They had come to cover a spectacle but got themselves diverted by the earthier scent of real news. It was point and counterpoint all week.

Thus Britain's economic troubles, which except in moments of flare-up are usually buried in the financial pages, got an unexpected, and perhaps unwelcome, amount of prime-time attention. To the camera's undiscriminating eye, action is action—and cars set afire by rioters in Liverpool (a sight beloved by television cameramen everywhere) vied on equal visual terms with royal fireworks in London; it was reminiscent of the way television juxtaposed street riots with the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1968. On CBS, Dan Rather gave an unusually downbeat report on Britain's social unrest, high unemployment and general decline. All three networks interviewed Britons eloquent about problems. Enoch Powell was trotted out, the dour fellow who once warned of a parallel with the river Tiber running red with blood in ancient Rome if "colored" immigration in Britain was not reduced. A Scottish M.P., Willie Hamilton, who thinks the Crown an expensive anachronism and Princesses Margaret and Anne in particular to be parasites, got a long and polite hearing from Ted Koppel on ABC. Glimpses of cockney women cooing about Lady Di's charms were offset by skinheads as indifferent to the wedding as to anything else. ABC intermixed its prattle of gowns and rehearsals with pictures of grim unemployment lines in what it captioned "The Other Britain." NBC's Tom Brokaw, looking as preppie-eager as George Bush, asked Richard Burton for an Englishman's view of monarchy and was told that Burton was Welsh and, coming from those aristocrats of labor, the miners, considered himself a left-wing socialist but was so disillusioned by all politics that he might even become a monarchist. There were such depths of irony in this answer that Brokaw prudently chose not to explore it further. The British, as listeners were constantly told, still like and look up to the monarchy. But the reporting conveyed a change in attitude since the last big royal wedding, of Elizabeth and Philip in 1947, as if royalty as the linchpin of British traditions was less central now that traditions themselves were under such challenge.

**Britain's other big story**

After days of cross-cutting between sentiment and starkness, Frank Reynolds of ABC exactly caught television's about-to-change tone on the wedding eve by proclaiming, "It is now fairy-tale time," which would be a "respite from reality." And though the recorded voice of Vera Lynn was summoned up, singing *There'll Always Be an England* ("If England means as much to you/ As England means to me"), and though NBC's John Hart took a smarmy look at Lady Di's old school to see how proper English girls got their special "edge," a casual television viewer might conclude that the wedding and perhaps royalty itself were magnificently irrelevant.

That was what the wedding morning coverage had to undo, and this it did. The BBC's well-placed cameras, available to all networks, excelled in combining intimacy with spectacle. The result was less pointless darting around by cameras than usual. Gone also was another fixture of solemn English occasions, the reverent intonations of the late BBC commentator Richard Dimbleby, who whispered as if he might spoil someone's putt. It being morning-show time back in the States, the David Hartmans and Jane Pauleys, practiced in the smiling art of undemanding chatter, now reinforced the American journalistic hardhats in their vantage points along the parade route. Along with much inevitable pageant-babble, they provided useful notes of what was going on. Dan Rather, trying to sum it all up, decided that the Crown, like Britain, "endured," a view forgivably more optimistic at this moment than his earlier one. On television the eye saw youth, beauty, ceremony and enthusiastic crowds. The ear had been told of troubles in this one brief moment known as Camelot. Together the eye and ear may have got it about right.



For the first time Carter can say, "No problem"

Author Cerf views a glowing future in his electronic study

# Plugged-In Prose

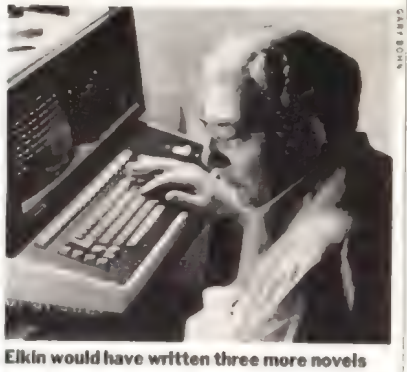
*Authors switch on to word processors*

Jimmy Carter uses one. So do Novelists John Hersey and Richard Condon. Every month more writers are discarding their pencils and typewriters for "word processors"—technical jargon for small computers with typewriter-like keyboards, electronic screens for scanning and manipulating text, units to store information, and high-speed printers. Like all other modern products, they come in a range of prices, from Apple's no-frills model at about $2,500 to the luxurious new CPT 8100. Cost of the machine, with a twin-head Rotary VII Printer that can switch instantaneously from roman to italic type or from letters to scientific symbols: $19,990

Plugged-in writing is not a new phenomenon. In 1973 Hersey tried out electronic fiction writing in order to aid a Yale University computer project—and became an instant convert. But it took a while to get the gadget out of the institution and into the study. Once Carter was pictured composing his memoirs on the Lanier "No Problem," authors and others could easily imagine themselves at the console. Spurred by the new availability of word-processing programs for personal computers like Radio Shack, Apple and Atari, demand for home units has risen dramatically. Among the aficionados: Bestseller Luminaries Michael Crichton *(Congo)* and Alvin Toffler *(The Third Wave)*. Spy-Master Robert Ludlum endorses the Atari system in magazine ads. Though Novelist Irving Wallace still writes on a 1920-vintage portable, he has promised his secretary a processor.

These authors praise their new ability to delete and move words and paragraphs at the touch of a few keys, and to enjoy automatic pagination, footnoting and regular book-quality right-hand margins. Novelist Stanley Elkin *(The Living End)*, 51, professor of English at Washington University in St. Louis, who suffers from multiple sclerosis, was given the use of a $13,000 Lexitron by the school. Even before he was disabled by the disease, claims Elkin, the processor would have accelerated his output: "You don't have to screw around erasing and crossing out, finding a clear place in the forest to drop the next hat. If I'd had it in 1964, I'd have written three more books by now." Chicago Author William Brashler *(The Bingo Long Traveling All Stars and Motor Kings)*, 33, switched on when his exhausted electric portable began throwing keys across the room. Says Brashler of his $8,400 IBM Displaywriter: "It takes the drudgery out of writing. I correct a mistake on the screen in a second, and the printer retypes the page in three seconds. No more retyping the whole page by hand."

Co-author of *April in Paris*, Screenwriter Melville Shavelson converted his Radio Shack home computer into a word processor with the addition of inexpensive software. This double-barreled capacity to tap and then manipulate information allows him a futuristic scope: "I subscribe to a Virginia computer service called The Source. I can get Jack Anderson scoops three days before they're scoops," claims Shavelson. "I can feed into it any two cities in the world and it'll figure out the airline connections for me, with a restaurant guide to various cities. Also I have a research service and memory bank feature that gives me data from 150 libraries around the world right on my screen. It's everything in one package."



Elkin would have written three more novels

Sesame Street Consultant Christopher Cerf adds even more voltage to his endorsement: "I use my processor to write, to store notes, to create, to edit, to organize. It's already paid for itself. I don't need a secretary any more. It's the most important tool writers have been given since Gutenberg created movable type."

Still, there were those who thought Gutenberg's invention was the work of the devil, and there are many writers who refuse to countenance a glowing screen above their keyboards. Screenwriter Jeffrey Fiskin *(Cutter and Bone)* decided against one: "Testing a machine, I programmed out *the*. The processor also removed *thesis* and *theocracy*. I thought: 'Do I want one of those, or do I want to add to my wine cellar?' The wine cellar won." John Updike speaks for many colleagues: "I am not persuaded that the expense and time it takes to learn the machine would be worth it. I'll stick to my manual, as I have for 20 years."

Even zealots occasionally have second thoughts. Carter forgot to store several pages of his memoirs and lost them from his Lanier "No Problem." Historical Romance Writer Robyn Carr *(The Blue Falcon)* fears that workmen digging near her new house in Florida will hit

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## Books

a power line. A voltage drop of even a few seconds could cause the displayed page of text to disappear on her Burroughs Redactor-III. (Apple Computer Inc. offers an accessory for just such occasions—a battery pack that supplies electricity during blackouts. Its name: Apple Juice.) The most surreal glitch occurred when Environmentalist-Writer Michael Parfit, 30, recently heard a *zap* and his Radio Shack TRS-80 stopped dead. It seemed that ants had crawled into the air vents.

These are the equivalents of leaky pens, misplaced notes, carbon paper inserted backward—all the inevitable vexations of the writing trade. They may be annoying, but they are not enough to turn off the current of this newest electronic revolution. Even the biggest drawback to processors, their size, is shrinking. Sony, master of the mini, recently introduced a 3-lb. briefcase-size keyboard unit capable of storing text to be printed out later. A few stubborn novelists and historians may resist until the final pencil stub and the last typewriter ribbon, but in the final chapter, the processor will win. As Cerf concludes, "I have seen the future, and it glows." *—By J.D. Reed. Reported by Jeanne North/New York*

## Fighting Irish

FATHER'S DAY
*by Eugene Kennedy*
*Doubleday; 488 pages; $13.95*

THE CARDINAL SINS
*by Andrew M. Greeley*
*Warner; 350 pages; $12.95*

During the late 1960s—the most turbulent years of America's Roman Catholic Church—few commentators were quoted more often than two priests, Fathers Eugene Kennedy and Andrew Greeley. Kennedy has since dropped his clerical title and is happily married. Greeley, a defender of both sensuality and celibacy, has kept his Roman collar, and his insider's anger at his church.

Now both men have published major novels. Kennedy's crept in like Chicago fog; Greeley's was announced with a Mayor Daley–style fanfare: a $75,000 promotion budget that included a cassette of Greeley explaining his work. The quality of the two novels varies in inverse proportion to their publicity.

*Father's Day* centers on two strong Irishmen: P.B. Kinsella, a self-made Chicago construction magnate, and his son Tom, a priest who has become president of Notre Dame. Some brilliant flashbacks explore the genesis of P.B.'s touchdown philosophy, his initiation into Chicago politics, his brush with racketeering. Others chart Tom's rise to power at the university and follow him through an ardent friendship

**Eugene Kennedy, left; Andrew Greeley**

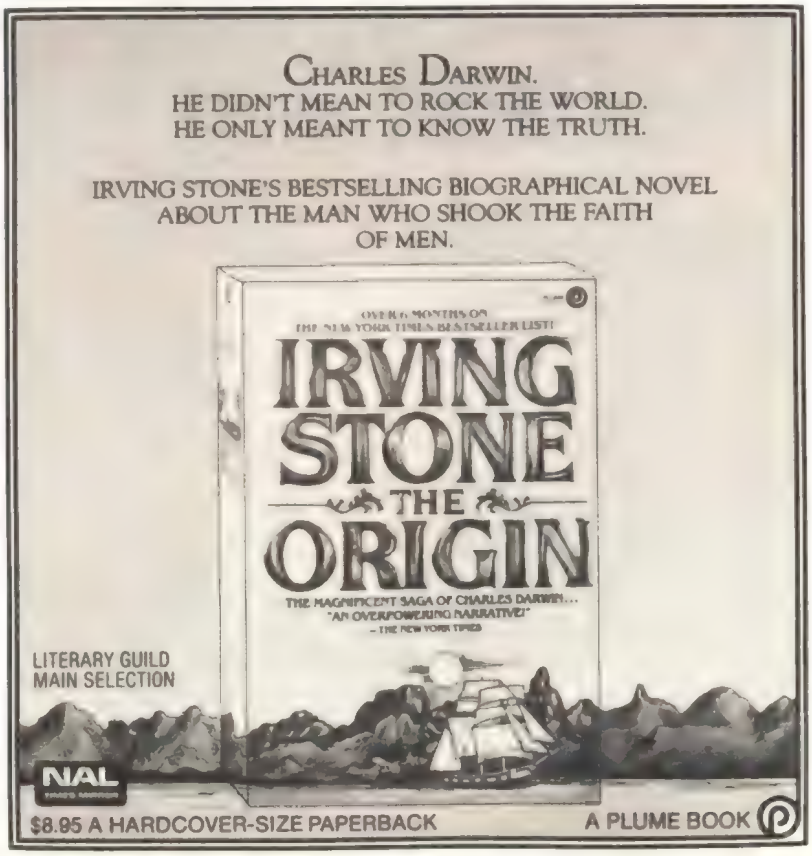
*Brawls, hugs and forgiveness.*

with an actress named Maria Moore.

The crescendo occurs on a dizzying weekend when both Notre Dame and the family empire seem ready to come apart. The campus is erupting in a freakish religious spectacle. A Vatican visitor offers Father Kinsella the Archdiocese of Chicago—just as Maria asks for clarification of her role in Kinsella's life. Meanwhile, a federal prosecutor tries to build political capital out of an investigation of P.B.'s firm. Kennedy ties just the right knots in these tangled threads, while rounding out most of his cast with a sure hand. P.B., his best creation, is solid brick, a man who strikes elaborate deals with God and, in a curiously touching way, keeps them.

*The Cardinal Sins* is about as good a novel as it is a pun. The lives of its four leading characters, Greeley explains in a foreword, are shaded by one or more of the traditional seven cardinal sins (pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth). Greeley follows Patrick Donahue, his friend Kevin Brennan, and the two women in their lives, Ellen Foley and Maureen Cunningham, from a pre-seminary adolescent summer to the slopes of middle age. As a priest, Kevin is a controversial writer and social scientist who bears an unflattering resemblance to the author. Donahue, clearly more fictional, is a cleric whose path through the hierarchy to Cardinal glides steadily up despite a series of brutal sexual encounters.

Greeley tracks the men to the 1978 papal elections, a maneuver that allows him to ransack his own nonfiction book, *The Making of the Popes, 1978*, and to use Pope John Paul II in a cameo role, praying for Cardinal Donahue's dying mistress. Along the way there are other, even less beguiling vignettes: in one scene Greeley portrays "a disciple of the Berrigans'," proclaiming that "we will make bombs, find guns; we will burn, trash and destroy." That is not what the Berrigans have ever preached, as Greeley well knows. But it is a symptom of the rage that runs through the novel. Kennedy's fighting Irish brawl, then hug and forgive. Greeley tries to allow his to do the same, but while the ritual words are pronounced, the absolution never quite seems to come. —*By Mayo Mohs*



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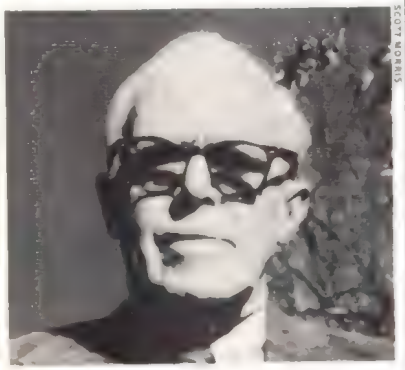
# Skeptic

SCIENCE: GOOD, BAD AND BOGUS
*by Martin Gardner; Prometheus*
*408 pages; $18.95*

The late C.P. Snow defined the Two Cultures; Martin Gardner bridges them. His classics, *Relativity for the Million* and *The Ambidextrous Universe*, make physics lucid to the layman: *The Annotated Alice* has become the standard guide to Wonderland. In addition he has published exegeses on poetry as diverse as *The Ancient Mariner* and *Casey at the Bat*. Yet no matter how wide he ranges, one subject has preoccupied the polymath since he began writing 35 years ago: the dangers and delights of pseudo science.

In the '50s, Gardner, now 66, fired a powerful salvo, *Fads and Fallacies*. The author took aim at the orgone-box sex theories of Wilhelm Reich, spoofed the father of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard, and debunked the E.S.P. experiments of J.B. Rhine, who ingenuously wondered why his subjects did better when he paid them.


SCOTT MORRIS

**Martin Gardner**
*Polymath with a preoccupation.*

Gardner's prose was sharp, his logic devastating and his humor irrefutable. But for every slain theory, ten new ones seemed to grow, and today a burgeoning interest in the paranormal has provided new targets for the patented Gardner weapons of ridicule and reason. *Science: Good, Bad and Bogus* discusses the fresh fascination with Roman Lull, a 13th century Spanish theologian who devised a roulette-like numerical system for revealing the secrets of the universe. Seven centuries later, Gardner reports, victims are still playing numbers games—with results that only benefit the charlatans who run them. Other chapters examine UFOs, especially the Hollywood variety, take a deadpan look at some of the tainted fathers of such contemporary fads as biorhythms and faith healing, and show why so many of the latest claims of E.S.P. are invalid or fraudulent.

Although he is amused by the bizarre, Gardner saves his liveliest derision for gullible scientists and science writers —particularly those who lauded Israeli Magician Uri Geller and his "unearthly ability" to bend spoons with the power of his mind. In a dazzling chapter, Gardner, an amateur prestidigitator, demonstrates a dozen methods for deceiving the credulous, including sleight of hand, palmed magnets and misdirection. Yet even these instructions are offered more in fun than in malice. For early on, the skeptic's skeptic acknowledges that the most obvious evidence of fraud will not budge the True Believer. Instead, Gardner writes for those who agree with the 1920s observation of H.L. Mencken that one horselaugh was worth 10,000 syllogisms. As *Science: Good, Bad and Bogus* proves, it still is. —*By Frederic Golden*

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** Dad, *William Wharton* • Ellis Island & Other Stories, *Mark Helprin* • Outside Over There, *Maurice Sendak* • Riddley Walker, *Russell Hoban* • The Testament, *Elie Wiesel* • The White Hotel, *D.M. Thomas* • Zuckerman Unbound, *Philip Roth*

**NONFICTION:** The Eisenhower Diaries, *edited by Robert H. Ferrell* • Jefferson and His Time: The Sage of Monticello, *Dumas Malone* • The Lord God Made Them All, *James Herriot* • Mornings on Horseback, *David McCullough* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* • Within the Whirlwind, *Eugenia Ginzburg*

## Best Sellers

**FICTION**

1. Noble House, *Clavell (1 last week)*
2. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders (7)*
3. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (2)*
4. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (3)*
5. Gorky Park, *Smith (4)*
6. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (5)*
7. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (6)*
8. Free Fall in Crimson, *MacDonald (8)*
9. Luciano's Luck, *Higgins*
10. License Renewed, *Gardner (9)*

**NONFICTION**

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (1)*
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (3)*
3. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (2)*
4. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (5)*
5. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (6)*
6. The Cinderella Complex, *Dowling (10)*
7. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (7)*
8. Cosmos, *Sagan (8)*
9. Theory Z, *Ouchi (9)*
10. Everything We Had, *Santoli*

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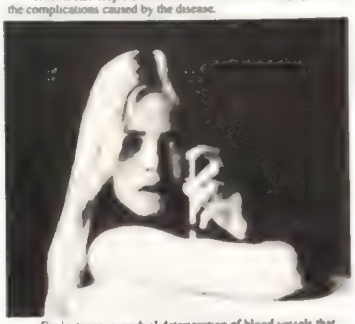

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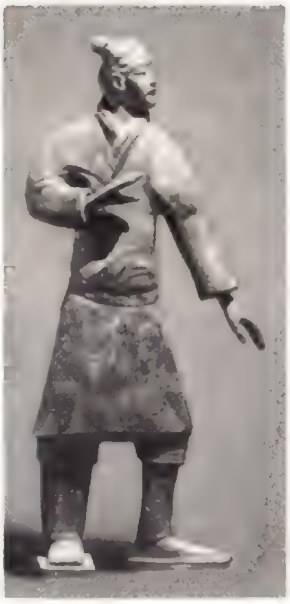

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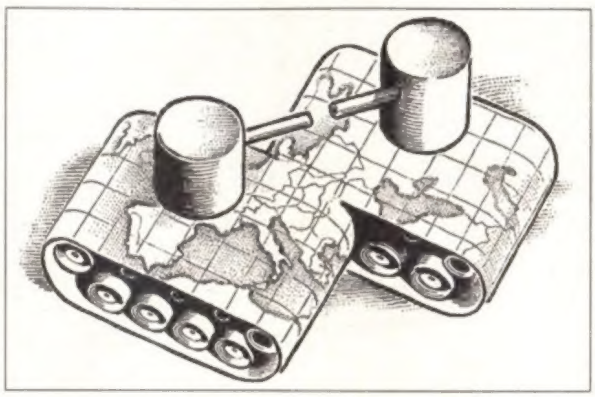
# Essay

# The Shaky State of NATO

In the rolling Franconian countryside, near the point where West Germany, East Germany and Czechoslovakia meet, a U.S. Army helicopter is giving a brisk guided tour of the frontier. The helicopter cruises parallel to the ugly belt of East German barbed wire and minefields, staying about 100 yds. to the safe side. Occasionally the pilot banks sharply to avoid stray "peninsulas" of East German territory jutting out from the fencing. "You have to know this border by heart," says the pilot. "You could get yourself shot at." His passengers are appreciative. "We call those places 'Gotchas,' " he adds pleasantly. Back down on the ground the visitors are taken to a checkpoint to look up at the stark observation tower on the other side. We are asked not to make gestures, friendly or otherwise.

Only half a dozen miles to the rear, in the town of Hof, is the headquarters of the Second Armored Cavalry Regiment. The Second is at the very forward edge of the U.S. commitment to nato, some 3,800 men assigned to the surveillance of 400 miles of the Iron Curtain. They are screening, among other places, the "Hof Corridor" into upper Bavaria, a less likely battlefield than the north German plain or the Fulda Gap in central Germany but perhaps a tributary invasion route. A feisty Lieut. Colonel from Florence, Ala., Tony Brinkley, 39, thinks the Second could give "the Pact" (the Soviets plus Eastern Europe, as in Warsaw Pact) a lot of trouble. Some of the men in the tanks and armored personnel carriers are considerably more tentative, a not unusual nuance in an army. Brinkley opens a briefing with the "Regimental Philosophy": "To Care the Most, Operate the Best, and Cover Ourselves with Glory." Sophisticates must be grateful that some middle-aged and even young men still find these words invigorating, right up on the line.



■ ■ ■

"To cover ourselves with glory." The very thought would sound like romantic nonsense to much of Western Europe, which today is being swept by a new wave of pacifism and neutralism. This sentiment, combined with economic strains within the alliance (all too evident at the Ottawa summit in late July), long-building political tensions, and the palpable growth of Soviet power, has brought the West once again to deep doubt about the future of NATO.

NATO-in-Crisis (the calmer variant: NATO-in-Disarray) has for long years been a staple of journalism and think-tank colloquia. The crisis story was always halfway true, because of the fundamental divergences and imbalances within the alliance, but now the story is also serious, because the desire to overcome the divergences has been significantly weakened.

NATO has now lasted 32 years, a remarkable feat for a very strange alliance, strung out from Hawaii to the Black Sea. The 15 members are the signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty, though one of them, France, seceded from the military organization (not technically an alliance) that implements the treaty —a massive inconvenience in NATO military planning. The heart of the treaty is Article 5: "The Parties agree that an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all." The drafters of the treaty wisely refrained from trying to spell out what the parties would do in the event of such attack.

In the early years of NATO, its essential message was that the Soviets would have to face the overwhelming nuclear power of the U.S. if they attacked Western Europe. After the U.S. lost clear superiority in intercontinental (or "strategic") weapons, probably around 1970, and now that it may have lost even parity, the message is more clouded. Europeans increasingly doubt that any man in the Oval Office, in the face of some Soviet diplomatic-military blackmail move, would really risk all of the urban U.S. "to save Rotterdam." (For some reason Rotterdam has become the preferred metaphor, perhaps because Dutch attitudes toward NATO are so spongy.) Recent U.S. Presidents have declined, as they must, to relieve Soviet uncertainties on this point. Henry Kissinger, out of office, felt free to say in Brussels in 1979 that "it is absurd to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of the threat of mutual suicide." But a senior German general says the bedrock of NATO is still that "the risk to the aggressor must be incalculable," by which he means both immense and uncertain. That may be a better place to leave it.

But short of the Apocalypse, NATO has always been trafficking in impressions, perceptions, counterperceptions, ambiguities calculated and otherwise, or some would say smoke and mirrors. What do the Soviets think we think? What do they think we think they think? And what do they think? On our side there is the complication that we must play somewhat similar games with our allies, on the size of national defense budgets and contributions to NATO, weapons standardization, "host country" costs, etc., all in the full hearing of the adversary.

The immediate trigger for European anxieties about NATO is the TNF question—Theater Nuclear Forces. In December 1979, NATO members agreed to the deployment on the Continent of 572 U.S. Pershing II missiles and ground-launched cruise missiles, GLCMs or Glickums. These would be capable of reaching all of Eastern Europe and some of western Russia. These weapons were to counterbalance the SS-20s, which the Soviets had begun targeting on Western Europe. Without some such force, there would be a wide gap in the NATO arsenal between "tactical" or battlefield nuclear weapons, and the intercontinental weapons. The NATO TNF will not be ready for deployment until 1983. Meanwhile, the Soviets are steadily deploying the SS-20, and have about 750 warheads—each 15 times or so Hiroshima strength—in place today. In 15 minutes, these weapons could wipe out most of the major military targets and much of the urban fabric of Western Europe.

There are several other ways that Western Europe could be destroyed in a war, and this has been true almost since the end of the last war. But the TNF quite suddenly this spring became a focus of fear and suspicion. The fear is that far from deterring an SS-20 attack, the NATO intention to deploy weapons of similar range might actually provoke attack. The suspicion, nourished by the hard-line anti-Soviet rhetoric of the incoming Reagan Administration, is that the U.S. believes there could be such a thing as "victory" in a nuclear war and seeks the capacity to conduct

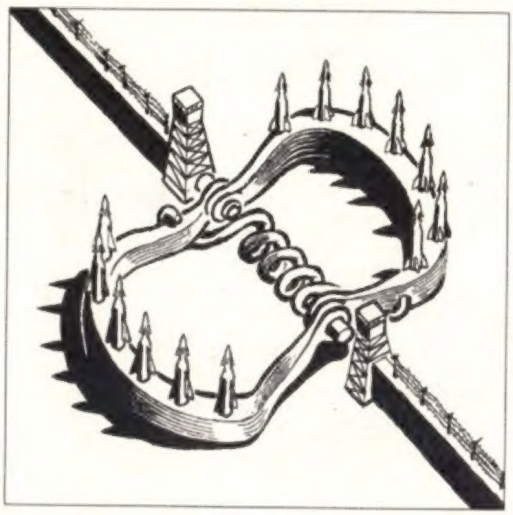


Illustrations for TIME by David Suter

the next war strictly in Europe. (An absurd mirror image of the absurd European hope that if there has to be an East-West war it will consist of salvos between the Soviet and American homelands.)

The Pershings and cruise missiles would be sited mainly in Germany. Thousands of short-range or "tactical" nuclear warheads have been harbored in Germany for years without stirring up great public concern. But the TNF has now ignited the opposition of the left-wing rank and file of the governing Social Democratic Party, important elements of church opinion, both Catholic and Evangelical, and various youth and environmental groups, fresh from campaigns against nuclear power.

Ironically, it was the Europeans and in particular the Germans who were pressing two years ago for a TNF buildup. They thought the Carter Administration was prone to policy zigzags, and they were disconcerted by some Washington stances and statements that seemed a shade too trusting of the Soviets and too complacent about the military balance—not that the Europeans wanted to do much more themselves about their own bit of the balance. It is very hard, of course, to please the Europeans, and especially the Germans. President Reagan and his people bother Europe whenever they sound at all belligerent. A German Foreign Ministry man was asked what on earth would be Schmidt's definition of the ideal U.S. President. After the briefest pause, he said: "Helmut Schmidt."



When the Carter Administration committed the U.S. to the TNF, it also pledged a "two-track" approach —good-faith negotiations with the Soviets on TNF limitations while we were preparing to deploy the weapons. Secretary Haig has now promised the beginning of such negotiations no later than Dec. 15. An important debate within the Reagan Administration, pitting very hard-liners against the medium hard-liners, has turned on whether the U.S. should try to get its allies to agree to the "threat assessment"—what NATO is up against, weapon by weapon, front by front—before working out the NATO negotiating position on the TNF. The firmer the NATO agreement on the threat, the firmer, presumably, the U.S. bargaining position on TNF. In a National Security Council meeting, President Reagan chose a more flexible approach—try for informal NATO consensus on the threat but go ahead in any case preparing to negotiate. Reagan has thus sided with those who fear that NATO cannot hold firm on the TNF commitment unless its public soon sees the West seriously negotiating for restraints on these weapons.

TNF gives the Soviets a great propaganda opening, which they are vigorously exploiting. Brezhnev in a recent speech accused the U.S. of evading negotiations while preparing pads for "hundreds more" missiles; he made no mention of his SS-20s. After negotiations do begin, the Soviets will doubtless accuse the U.S. of foot dragging, and will dangle before Western Europe hints and glimpses of plausible-sounding Soviet proposals. Even with the best will in the world, which is scarcely to be counted on, it will be very difficult to devise a TNF agreement acceptable to the West and the Soviets. An essential part of the Western negotiating position must be a high-level p.r. strategy—specific plans for informing the Western public of the overall military balance in Europe, and where the TNFs, theirs and ours, fit in.

The TNF tension will last at least two years, until NATO begins deploying the weapons with a governmental consensus, backed by popular majorities—if this can be achieved—that the West has no other choice. During this period of severe political stress in NATO, there is a good prospect, paradoxically, that the military posture of NATO will be substantially improved. The U.S. Army units in Germany, now equivalent to five or six divisions, have come back quite a way from their post–Viet Nam low. "The 'horror stories' have done their work," says one U.S. Army general, referring to the widespread publicity on the bad state of morale and readiness in the middle and late 1970s. Horror stories can still be told, but not so many. Germany's Bundeswehr—twelve divisions—is a very solid presence. The contingents of Britain, Canada, Belgium and Holland, though generally under-strength and shockingly low in some supplies, are well trained and equipped for an initial battle.

What will be coming NATO's way, from the Reagan fiscal '82 and '83 military budgets, is just what the U.S. forces in Europe most need: more fuel and ammo, better housing, more training, better maintenance, more and better gear for defense against chemical warfare (routine in Soviet war games), more of all sorts of unglamorous spare parts. Aircraft carriers and manned bombers always have their advocates on Capitol Hill, but at last there is a congressional constituency for maintenance and operations.

NATO today is strong enough to discourage any attempt at a surprise attack on the ground. The Pact would have to bring up bigger forces than those normally stationed in East Germany, and take visible mobilization measures, which would give NATO at least seven to ten days for its own mobilization steps and for anything that diplomacy could accomplish. If war did begin, NATO could sustain a conventional battle for at least a few weeks. The Pact, despite vast preponderance in manpower and conventional weapons, has its weaknesses and worries—*e.g.*, the security of the lines of communication across Poland.

NATO reinforcement capabilities are crucial, and the new U.S. defense budgets are also addressing these needs. This means more air and sea-lift capacity from the U.S., and pre-positioning in Germany of combat equipment for the first wave of reinforcements. The purpose is to provide the maximum margin —again for diplomacy, if it could still function—before the terrible decisions on nuclear escalation would have to be faced.

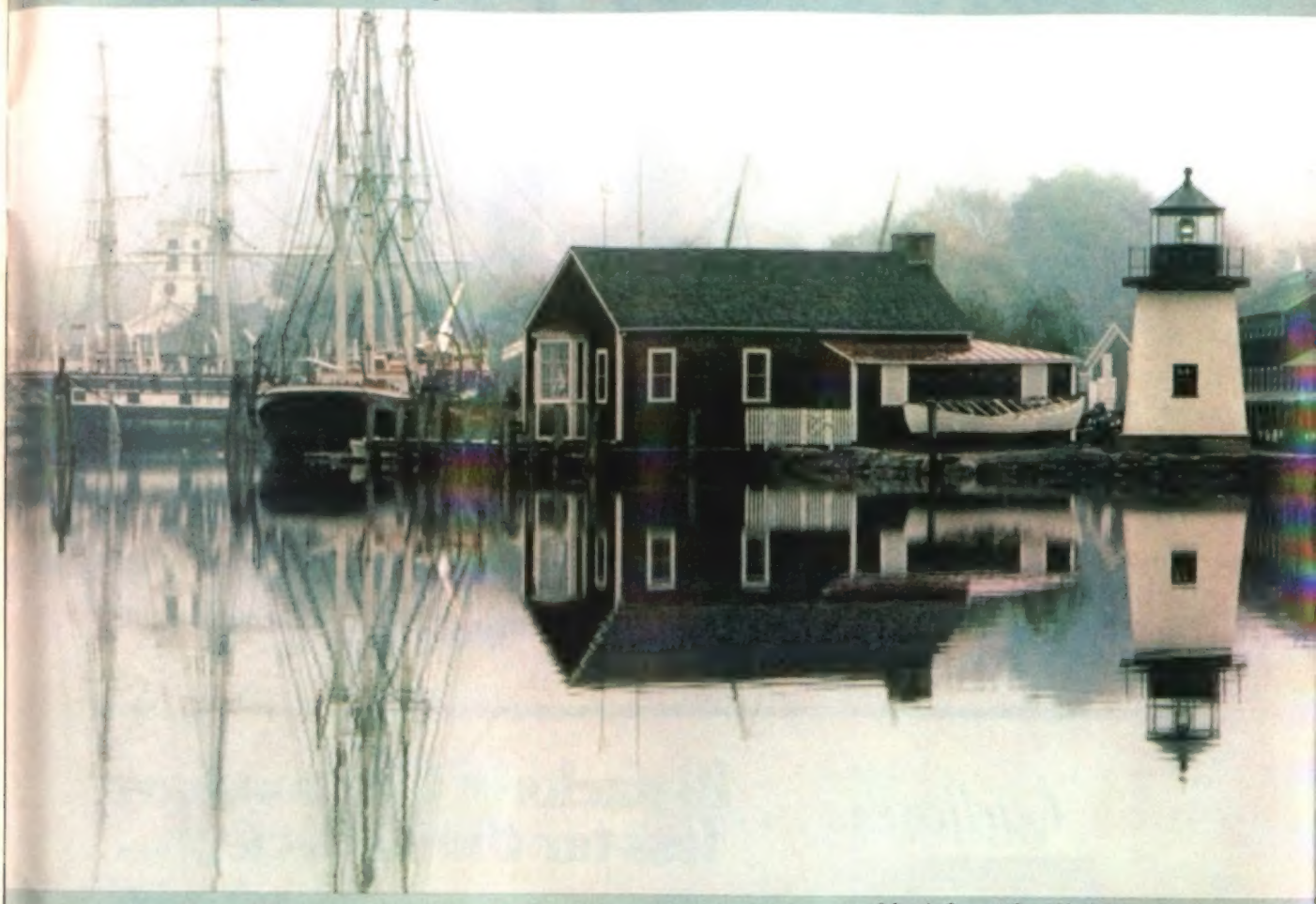
The growth of Soviet power leads some Europeans to question whether any defense is worthwhile, whether it wouldn't be better to settle for "Finlandization." If the Americans want to spend a lot of money to try to deal with the problem—let them. The Reagan defense spending programs will really begin to bite into domestic programs twelve to 18 months from now. Congressmen hearing neutralist noises from Europe could well revive something like the Mansfield Amendment, the Montana Senator's annual proposal, back in the 1960s, for reduction of U.S. forces in Europe.

Cutbacks in European defense programs, as indicated in German budget decisions last week, will not enhance NATO popularity on Capitol Hill. It is indeed remarkable and in some ways outrageous that we keep a large American Army in Germany 36 years after the end of World War II, and make a greater defense effort (by most measurements) than the prosperous countries we are helping defend, while even in the most responsible European conversation one sometimes catches an implication that NATO is somehow more to our interest than theirs.

The fact is that NATO is almost as much in our interest as theirs, and that a vigorous NATO could be more important today than at any time since its earliest years. This is a dangerous "window" period in our relationship with the Soviet Union. Their military strength vis-à-vis the West is at a maximum, even as their economic and political problems accumulate. By the mid-'80s, if we get there safely, the military balance should be looking healthier. By 1990 it might be safe to indulge in a little old-fashioned isolationism.

*—By Hedley Donovan*

# The Spirit of America



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